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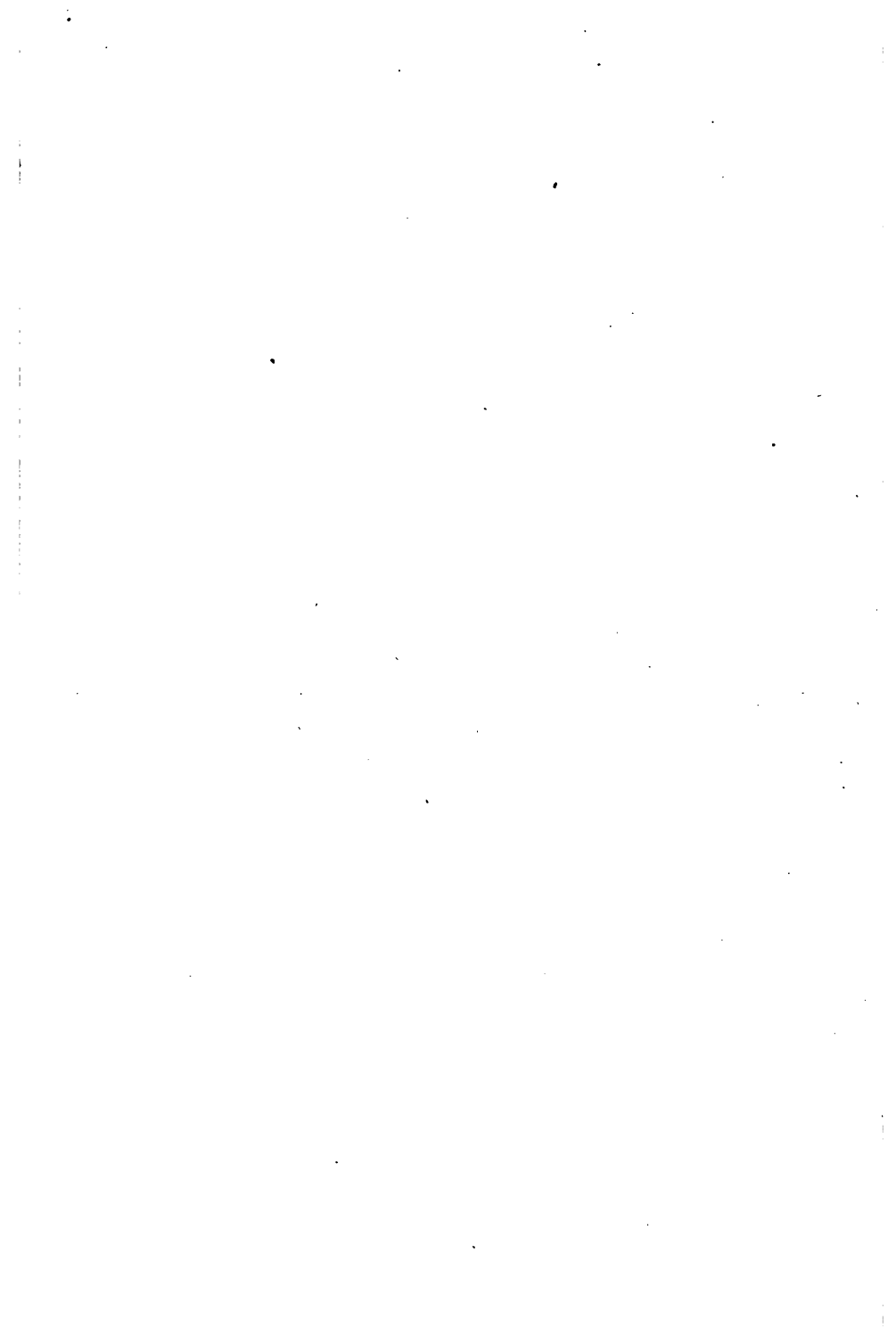
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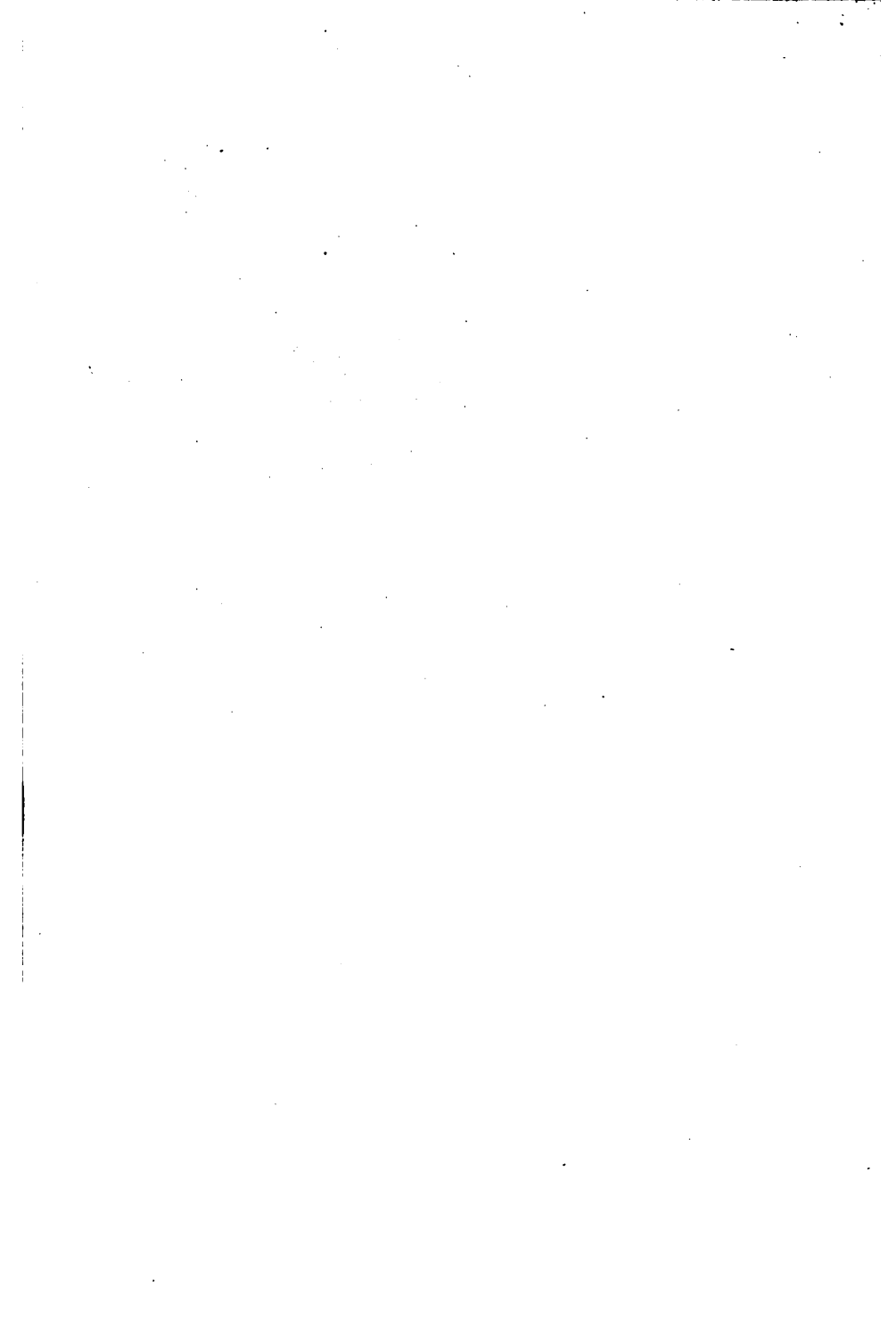
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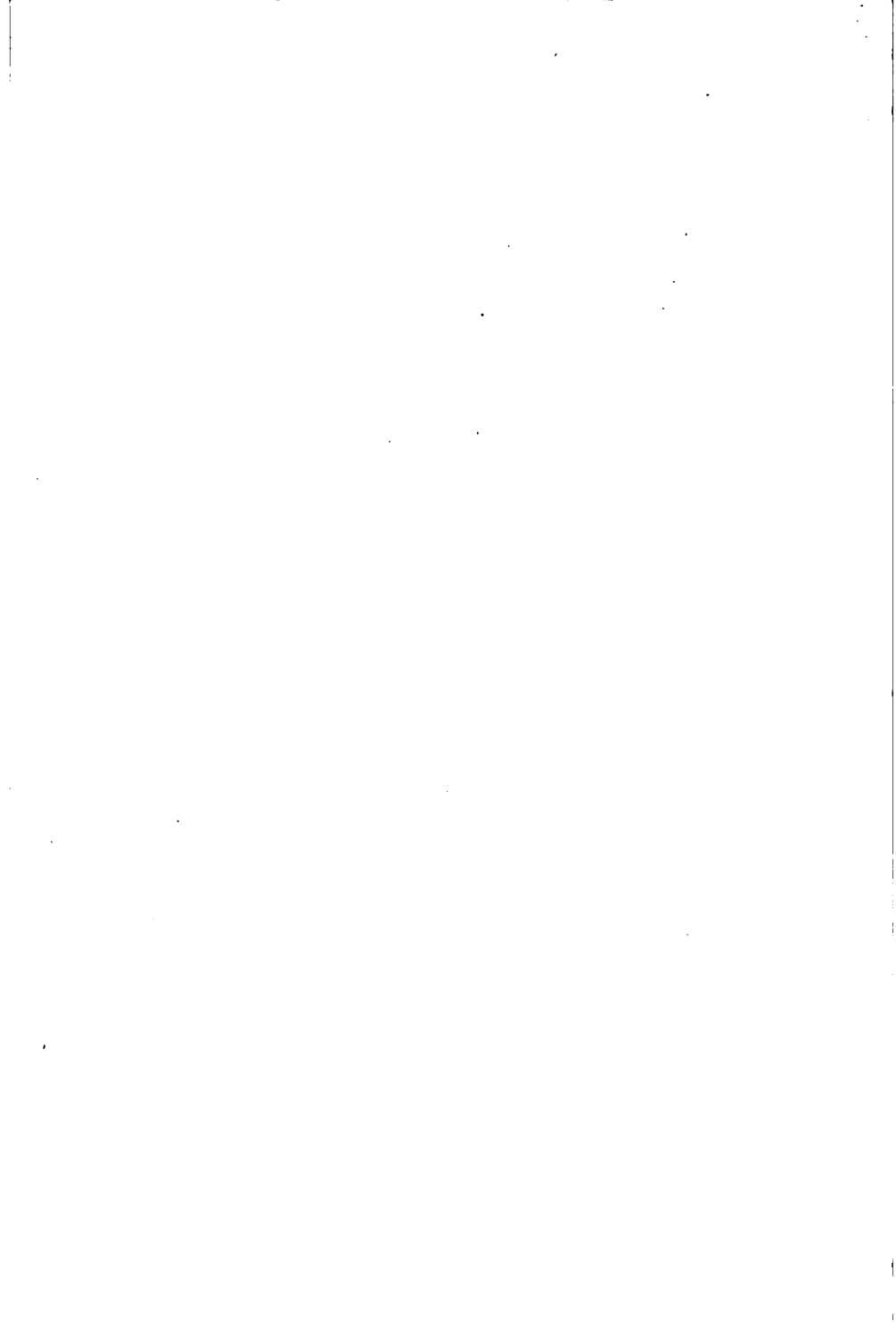
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CHARLES LAWSON

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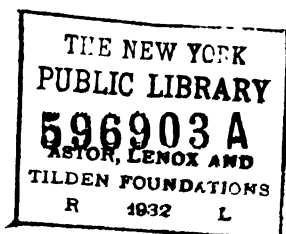
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BOOK I
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flourishing. This portrayal is at best in abstract outline only: neither the full figure nor the living soul do we find here. But another place and speech supply both lacks; in whose words the shapes are flesh and the spirit breathes discernible therethrough. To these the reader shall in time be brought.

First, then, we find our Roman author telling us that "it is no disgrace for any German youth to show himself among the members of a Company"; and if we wonder why shame might attach to the position we are duly told by certain Tacitean commentators that the legal standing of a Companion toward his chief was that of slave to lord. Such voluntary slavery was the price paid to a chosen leader by the impecunious or aspiring young Germanic warrior for his living and the gift of battle-horse and terrible "bloody and victorious" battle-spear. But, as our historian has hastened to inform us, so far from being held disgraceful, such a servitude was held in highly honorable demand. "For the strength and glory of each chieftain lay in having always a great band of chosen youth about him, as an ornament in time of peace, a guard in war: by means of them his fame might spread not only through his own tribe but to neighboring nations also, gaining him both reverence and gifts and winning wars with his mere name."

Whereby these bands were soon become an indispensability to the most modest princeling and

might almost dictate their own terms of service. These were not, however, very hard; in addition to good fare and furnishings, they demanded from their leader only ample grounds for admiration of himself; without which, truly, no amount of promised pampering and splendid apparatus could have slightly tempted them. "Shameful is it," says our Roman, "when the battle has been joined, for a prince to be surpassed in bravery." Then, indeed, his band would not be long in taking back their freedom and betaking themselves to a nobler leader. But such necessity was rare enough, if ever it occurred; for the chieftain lived upon his reputation and became in fact the servant of his servants' eyes in order to preserve it.

And what therefor was asked of the companions? — Perfect readiness at all times to surrender their lives utterly. "Shameful is it," Tacitus continues, "for Companions when in battle not to be the equals of their lord in bravery. Yea, truly, it is life-long infamy and crime for any to retreat from fight survivor of his lord. To defend him, guard him, give their bravest deeds to brighten his own glory,— these are the Companions' special part and sacred duty. Princes strive for victory; Companions for their princes."

Here, then, are certain traits of this our chosen type,— thus pictured to us in the skeleton shapes of their politico-economical aspects only, but despite it promising the patient reader much more animated matter when their bones are once em-

bodied in live flesh. Does not, indeed, a pious scholarship in footnote furnish us with the auspicious example of a practising Companionship from a certain late contemporary of Tacitus, one Ammianus Marcellinus, who relates how, when Chief Chochiliacus of the Alamanni had been taken by the Romans, his whole following, unfortunately absent at the earlier time, came after him to share the chances of captivity?

And now we pass from Chochiliacus and his Companions — whose reputation might have been much wider-spread had he possessed a pensionary bard or people not been naturally bashful about naming him — to some whose names and deeds and spirits also have been splendidly enshrined for us by the first craft of English song.

4. POETICAL

History has certified to us through several of her lofty functionaries that the settlement in Britain of her continental conquerors was nothing less than a transfer thither in its fullest form of Anglo-Saxon society. Natural enough, then, that the early English should find nothing alien in the poetical transplantations from whose slips and shoots in time sprang up their epic lay of Beowulf. For such, a cloud of commentators has assured us, were the origins and was the growth of that most ancient modern song. Many other things concerning the said Beowulf they do also

at great length assure us; but concerning any present helpfulness or every-day unliterary value to be got thence they have nothing to say; and we shall therefore in re-visiting the region travel as if on new ground.

With Beowulf on friendly errand to the aid of Hrothgar against Grendel, giant fen-fiend, came his twelve Companions, heartened for whatever fate their chief should find.

And when at evening the hero, having boasted duly — as became one in those days — and disarmed himself to meet the monster on fair terms, had bedded him in the great Hall of Hart, “there bowed themselves to rest about him many a brave sea-fighter,” — the full number, our magniloquent word-smith would say, of that somewhat meagre band. He might slumber, feeling safe in the prowess of his several horse-power hand-grip; not so securely they. For they had heard how “slaughterous death within the wine-hall had snatched away ere now by much too many of the Danish folk, and not one of them thought that he should thereafter see his own dear land, his tribe, or noble city, where he had been reared.” But nonetheless they slept upon the premonition, allowing Grendel, who came scitheing down into the hall toward midnight — “livid flame was standing from his eyes” — to seize upon one of the watch, “rend him unawares, bite his bone-locker, drink his blood, and swallow him in bits.” By which time, however, Beowulf is ready to re-

ceive the visitor with a most gladsome hand of welcome, and his friends awake to find themselves once more in occupancy of the back-ground to his battle-play. And in background they must keep both during that impenetrable mix-up out of which the unbidden guest emerges minus arm and appetite, and while the fight is fought again with speeches and potations. Not until the splendor of their leader's presence disappears in Grendel's pool and stays under nine full days, do they shine again with unreflected light.

To this spot the hero had been brought by Hrothgar's retinue to pay return-call upon Grendel's dam, who had visited the hall in dire vengeance of his death. And when the neighboring bands of water-snakes and consanguineal sea-monsters were for the time being dispossessed by his Companions' spears, Beowulf had gone down into the submarine home of the Grendel family. And become, so thought his poor Companions, almost a member, by incorporation, of the same. So, too, did not doubt the white-haired old men natives, and, having said as much, departed homewards. But "the strangers sat there still upon the ness and, sick in spirit, stared upon the pool. They hoped, but not expected, ever to behold their own dear lord again." Somewhat suggestive, truly, of a certain other ancient twelve — then lacking one — left likewise lonesome and disconsolate.

But when the "helm of seamen" did at length

get back on land, they hastened to him; "God they thanked," interpolates a later piety, "and took joy of their lord, that they might behold him safe once more." And now begins again their own eclipse, which they enter with no specified repinings. His the glory and the torchlight; theirs as great a joy in shadow. Did these simple spirits never guess the high advantages and strong delights of Individualism? Evidently not; perhaps, indeed, they could not have appreciated them.

Nor was Beowulf himself, so far as one can well discover, such an overweening individualist. Contrarily, one can discover him,—when, gifted with large treasure by the grateful Hrothgar, he has returned to Hygelac his overlord and duly told his tale and ably boasted, for the times becomingly, both of his prowess and the prizes it had won,—making some remarks in quite another mood. For he ends with: "These (said prizes) I would gladly bring thee and bestow them joyfully on thee, O king of men. Still doth every good thing begin with thee. Take thou full joy of all." Whereafter the famed hero did not hesitate to enter his own position of eclipse, and contrived to occupy it, says his poet, lawfully—without, when drunken, slaying any of his comrades,—which was something, for those days.

Nor, when Hygelac had gone a-warring once too often, and remained to feed the ravens and the wolves of Friesland, did Beowulf, who, having

cleared the field of Frisians, had come thence by swimming, accept the chance of kingship proffered him by dowager queen Hygd, who feared for her son's strength against his foes, and probably hoped, too, for Beowulf as second husband; but upheld young Heardred with kindly counsel till he grew of age to rule the land.

Finally, however, when young Heardred had followed the paternal path, "departed otherwhither," who but warrior Beowulf should hold the kingdom, have the queen? So, indeed, he did; and ruled both well for fifty years.

But then it chanced unfortunately that a dragon, previously well-behaved enough, "began to be unruly on dark nights." Such beasts, it seems, were at that time accustomed to seek out some treasure-hoard deep-buried by a "lonesome, kinless, joy-forsaken man," and keep a life-long watch of it. And this one, fallen carelessly asleep in conduct of his chosen business, had been deceived and robbed by a certain banished man, who bore away a precious drinking-cup, hoping therewith to appease his wrathful lord. But the greedy dragon, grudging any of his gold for whatsoever worthy purposes, flamed forth spewing sparks and gledes and taking payment for his precious cup in conflagration of fair homesteads. Thus it came about that Beowulf must in his old age go against the "loathsome stranger-one"; and up against him went he, one of twelve.

Having thus fared forth to beard, full literally,

the dragon in his den, Beowulf, foreboding ill but ever careful of his comrades, bids them remain out of harm's way while he does "deeds of earlship," and then, advancing single, addresses the dragon also, not in friendly wise.

So the fight begins, but goes not well for Beowulf, who soon finds himself encompassed by the dragon's fiery breath and suffering sore straits. And now "not at all do his close comrades courageously crowd round him," but betake them to the wood to save their skins and lives. They had not been trained to such a business as this: fighting winged furnaces was scarcely in the current practice of Companionship.

Well, perhaps not, ye discreet or panic-stricken; but the perfect spirit of a practice pauses at no letter in its law. So inspirited was one at least among that throng. Wiglaf was he named, "a loved shield-warrior." He, when he saw his lord beneath the battle-mask, laboring from the heat, "bethought him then of all the honors that in former days his prince had given him, the wealthy homestead of his family and every folk-right that his father owned. He might not then hold back" — *had* to go, urged by his gratitude — "but grasped his shield and drew his olden blade. That was the first time the young warrior must bear the brunt of battle with his own dear lord. His soul melted not away, nor did the sword left of his kinsman weaken in the fight; this the dragon found out when they met together."

First, however, says our poet, he addressed his distant, quite inauditory comrades,— more lengthily, I must believe, than any living Wiglaf would have done,— but not badly, nor does the didacticism trouble me as it might some. “Wiglaf,” says our bard, “spoke many a righteous word, for his soul was sorrowful; he said to his comrades: ‘I mind me of the time we drank the mead, how we vowed then to our lord in mead-hall, unto him who gave these rings to us, that we would repay him for our battle trappings, for those helmets and well-tempered swords, if this-like need should chance to him. . . . Now is the day come that our liege-lord needs the strength of goodly warriors. Let us go to him. . . . As for me God knoweth I had liefer far the fire should enfold my body with my giver of gold. . . . I trow well it were not the debt long due him that of all his folk he bear the brunt, fall in the strife. Sword and helmet, shield and mail-coat shall be one for both of us.’ He went then through the slaughter-reek, bore aid to his lord.”

But of the terrible beauties of the mixed combat that follows my tiresome determination to be only incidentally entertaining forbids me to discourse in full, and my affectionate regard allows no scanting. The unfamiliar reader, if regretful, may obtain them finely Englished — in prose for the small price of one dime, poetry at proportionately higher rates. We shall stick to the didactic.

In short, then, the sword of Beowulf betrays him in the strife, his several horse-power strength of hand (for thus the bard exonerates the blade and glorifies the bearer) trying overmuch any sword whatever; the dragon with his bitter fangs takes in all the hero's throat, and Beowulf's life-blood wells forth in waves. But thane Wiglaf, heeding not the dragon's head or his own burnt hand, manages to smite the flaming foe a little lower; his sword sinks in; and the fire begins to fail. Through such perforation, and escape of fiery strength, or possibly by sudden draught upon his heating apparatus, the dragon now grows languid, and it is not long before the two are able to bisect him. Beowulf, however, has been done for, and soon thereafter his soul departs, leaving only his earlship to be praised, "as was meet in those times, that a man should foster a lord's fame and hold him in heart when he must forth from the body to become as a thing of nought."

We, however, have chief notice still to take of those he left behind, "who bore now with shamed faces their shields and war-weeds where the old man lay. They looked on Wiglaf, who sat wearied at the shoulder of his lord, trying with cold water to awaken him. No whit, however, might he speed thereby.

"To the youth then was a grim answer easy to find for those whose courage had before that fled. Wiglaf spake, the son of Weohstan; sorrowful of

heart the hero looked on them he scorned: 'This, lo! may he say that will speak sooth, that your own lord, he who gave you all these treasures, the troop-trappings that ye stand in, when he on the ale-bench often gave those sitting in the hall, the king to his thanes, helms and burnies of the best, — that he then in wretched wise threw utterly away that battle-gear, so soon as warfare should befall him. Truly, not at all the folk-king needed boast his comrades in the battle. Defenders too few thronged about their prince when the time of peril came upon him. . . . Now shall hope of treasure-taking and the gift of swords, all inherited delights of home, fail from your kindred. Of your homesteads every man must go, empty of his land-right, after athelings afar have heard tell of your flight, of your inglorious deed. Death is better for every earl than a life of infamy.' "

No mercy, my Wiglaf, no forgiveness to men's frailty; nor even to the innocent of second and third generations? A bad business this; but indeed a custom that must be obeyed in those times when a family stood or fell together. More than fear of the like fate had urged thee forward, more than shrinking from disgrace or inner shame. Pure love spurred thee, kept thee steadfast, sped thy stroke. Hail to thee, thane Wiglaf: a true type of goodness I declare thee, in spirit not far from the highest. Or does not the term apply to perfect loyalty, but only to the quiet cultivation of small virtues for a payment, or perhaps for

their own poor sake? — A question which may ultimately seem worth our consideration. Meanwhile, what more should we remark of thee, my Wiglaf, thane worthy beyond telling?

5. HISTORICAL

“Much enthusiasm for a phantom,” mutters Matter-of-factness; “for was not Thane Wiglaf merely that?” True enough; but after all how came that phantom-figure to be bodied forth? There must, I guess, have been some matter for imagining it out of, some material at hand from which the maker took a hint or two. How many a Wiglafian warrior, may we well suppose, gave somewhat to this making, and, otherwise forgotten, gained thus a pseudonymous immortality! Canst thou not thyself, O reader, body-forth such forest-combat,—not of needs with dragon, nowadays an unfamiliar beast,—but at least with bear—original of Grendel, some suggest—or other suchlike animal? Or, again, a forest-fire or a domestic conflagration might have been behind these elements of the impossible,—not to mention numerous mythic possibilities, of which not one, however, can in the slightest damage the deep probability of those strong human figures for whom they are, in fact, no unbecoming background and time-atmosphere.

Or if the reader would deal rather with a verified reality alone, let him look at this scene of an

ancient English court: * Northumbrian king Edwin (Eadwine) sits in talk with Eumer, ambassador from Cwichelm, king of the West-Saxons. All at once up springs Eumer, whips out a "two-edged dagger dipped in poison," and leaps upon the king. But soft, ambassador-assassin; here is thane Lilla, "best beloved of the king's body-guard," will rush between and take the blow. Which in fact has driven the dagger through him and even into the king,—but wiped clean of poison, we suppose, in good thane Lilla's heart.

But lest this virtue too much seem that of heroic individuals here and there, it were well I showed the long-enduring reader some more specimens of it,—taken this time from Old English general usage. For I fear that after all the bard of Beowulf and Wiglaf did not do full justice to the common members of that institution whereof they were part. Few institutions, truly, could have faced such saurian assault;—and was not the bard determined anyhow to get his hero gloriously slain and his successor furnished with a strong inaugural situation? Nay, unless the loyalty of which we have been saying much and promising to prove still more be one discoverable in the common heart of man, examination of these scattered instances were dismal mole-work or mere dilettantism, with small possibility in my case of apology for being.

* Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*: II; 9.

Hear, then, if it please you, how, according to the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*,* two practising Companionships came to collision and disastrous end. For King Cynewulf of Wessex having been surprised unaccompanied and slain by Alderman Cynehard, who had long fed a family feud with him, his Companions shut up Cynehard and Company in a town and sat down before it. And then Cynehard "offered them their own desire of land and money" if they would come over to him, but they answered that "never would they join the slayer of their lord." And then they made offer of amnesty to certain relatives of theirs who were with Cynehard, which these in turn refused. So they all fell to fighting round the gate, and kept it up till all were killed except one hostage, who apparently had to fight also, or wouldn't lose the opportunity, and he was wounded.

And behind how many of those brief obituary notices in which the *Chronicle* abounds—"this year King So-and-So was slain"—might not an adequately penetrative scholarship discover much the same devotion under howsoever differing circumstances? But the actors lacked both patient chroniclers and pious bards; and the penetrative scholarship which we, alas, are now so far from lacking can in these things tell us nothing. Only from the last days of Old English history has another appearance of Companionship in operation been preserved to us,—with, however, all the an-

* Year 755.

cient spirit full-displayed, or fittingly infused, perhaps, by one who knew well how they used to do those things of old. Truly, this Battle of Maldon does not yield to Beowulf itself in any of the finer features which they both portray. But let the reader look and judge.

In 991 A. D. a Danish army landed on the eastern coasts of England and for some time plundered as they pleased. But on the banks of the Black-water stream near Maldon they were met and stopped by Alderman Byrhtnot of Essex. To him, accordingly, they made with their accustomed Danish modesty request for payment to depart. And to them the earl made answer, partially: "Payment? We will pay you spears and poisonous points and trusty swords. . . . Too shameful seems it that ye with our tributes should take ship unfought, now that ye have come thus far in on our land."

So both sides drew up for battle, with Black-water stream between them. But the Danes soon found the fording-place past hope of fording. Accordingly, with nerve astounding even in the Danes, they asked crossing, and the alderman, who held it also shameful to lose such a chance of fighting, gave the fatal leave. Numbers could now overcome mere bravery; and before long Byrhtnot fell, having previously looked to heaven and thanked God for joys past. So much of the brave Byrhtnot, whose valor overwent his wisdom.

“And now turned in flight two thanes of Byrhtnot and forsook the good chief who had given them many a horse.” These, the brothers Godric and Godwig — valiant individualists — one bestriding Byrhtnot’s battle-steed, both galloped off. “They did not care for fighting, they preferred the wood. And with them went more warriors than was any-way meet if they had been mindful of his merits who had done such good to them. Many of them, truly, thought the fleeing Godric was their lord, and on that account the folk upon the field were parted and the shield-defense was broken.” It was the beginning of the end.

But when his hearth-companions saw their lord thus lying dead, “they stepped forth, the proud thanes, to leave life or avenge their loved one.” And young warrior Alfwine thus incited them: “Remember now the times that we oft at our mead-drinking spake and boasted about combat. . . . Never shall the warriors of my nation twit me that I wanted to desert this troop, seek home, now my lord lies slain in strife. That is to me the most of ills: he was both my kinsman and my chief.” Then forth he went against the enemy. And then was Offa, the chief counselor of his late lord, who had formerly, it seems, with sorrowful exactitude foretold the individualism and its event, also slain in conflict. “He had, nevertheless, accomplished what he vowed unto his lord when, before, he boasted to his benefactor that they should both

ride back into the town, whole to their homes again, or fall in battle, die upon the slaughter-field; he lay thane-like near his lord."

And now the shields are broken, and the sea-men stride among the warriors. There is time for little more of set speechmaking; but the speech of Byrhtnot's old companion is doubtless the best possible. "Mind must be the braver," shouts he, "heart the keener, courage the greater, as our strength grows less. Here lies our leader slaughtered, the good one on the ground. Ever may he mourn that now from this battle-play thinketh to turn him! I am old of life: I will not from hence; but think to lay me by the side of my lord, by so dear a man." Soon he, too, has fallen, practising his precepts, and the fragmentary poem comes to final stop.

In such words, then, has the poet well interpreted for these true, loving thanes the deep thoughts of their hearts, which they could tell in feeble language only, and better far by deeds alone. And herewith have we come to momentary pause in this poetico-historical examination.

6. CHARACTERISTICS

The picture that I have for some time now been painting at — of Companionship in operation — is probably as near complete as any further manifolding of the figures found therein could make it. The several groups, whatever their respective situ-

ations, have surely a sufficient similarity of posture and sameness of animating spirit for one instance to have served for all; and my relentless multiplication of examples has been aimed chiefly to show that essential sameness under various conditions. It remains for us, before we move to other aspects of our survey, briefly to remark the characteristics of this bond. A mere naming of them would suffice, and probably prove quite superfluous, if our modern minds were not in large degree shut to their deeper meaning and the message that it holds. Whereof the evidence shall be forthcoming. Now for the thing itself.

The bond, then, as we have been told, began in the need of chief for fighting-men and the wish of landless warriors who disliked work to be kept by one who could afford to keep them. Clearly not a very noble,—rather a most business-like and mutually beneficial bond. “You keep us in time of peace; we’ll keep you in time of war: meanwhile we are ornamental and enlarge your dignity.” “‘Give’ and ‘Give back,’” says some Northern gnomist, “make the longest friends — if there be luck withal.”

But, this business-like bond established, better things grow out of it. For, as the thanes have given themselves over to a leader’s keeping, it becomes his place, and only safe policy, to keep them kindly,—to be mild and gracious toward them, and above all generous in treasure-giving. “Ring-giver” is the regular epithet of princes,

who gave not the slight finger sort but broad arm-rings and bracelets and neck-rings curiously wrought of gold. Such a one, possessed also of bravery, was the ideal lord, best typified, perhaps, by Beowulf, who "slew not at all when drunk his hearth-companions," and when sober showed more positive appreciation of his obligations. Such a one was *not* King Heremod of Denmark, stock example of a bad, cruel king. He did slay his hearth-companions, without fit excuse of drunkenness, and did not dispense rings as became his high estate. He disappointed the popular expectation of his father's son, lived joyless, and was finally left lonely to his foes. "Be not like him, dear Beowulf," Hrothgar advises the departing hero, "but lay hold on manly worth."

But this too is in turn only the beginning of better and of best. For, whether or not this generosity came primarily from pure affection — was the outflow of a naturally kind lord's love, it led eventually to that very love, or largened it if previously present. Strange, perhaps, but not at all unnatural, for it is a commonplace of practical psychology that not only does emotion lead to action, but that action tends to the development of its appropriate emotion. "Grin long enough," says this psychology, "and you will end by growing glad; sigh if you desire to be sad; gnash your teeth if you are anxious to become enraged; so in time the feeling that you have by certain actions wakened will itself take charge and be the

cause of action." Or, somewhat more consonantly with the case of Companionship, if for any reason, worthy or unworthy, one seek the welfare of his friends, he will at length have grown a love for them which will itself thereafter urge and guide him. A truly wonderful law of mind, this seems to me,—applicable to both the olive-habit and the highest philanthropy, and to what things are between; a strong capability of soul, underlying all real spiritual progress whatsoever.

Such a progress our ancient princelings must often have exemplified. Their long beneficence and its close personal relations could not fail, except perhaps in utterly perverted cases, to grow in them a warm, effusive love. Thanes are the dear comrades of their lord, his care through life and in the face of deathful possibilities. "Be thou guardian to my kinsman thanes, O Hrothgar, — to my close companions, if the strife shall take me," urges Beowulf, who was not, we may therefrom infer, of entirely utilitarian temperament, but, unbusinesslike, wanted his thanes treated well even when he should have no further use for them. And had not "glorious Hrothgar" during the ascendancy of Grendel, into whom there had descended some five dozen of select retainers, suffered "thane-sorrow," pined for the Companionship thus scattered or consumed? Hard to doubt the genuineness of such affection.

Or if one should insist on doubting that, there is no suspecting the response it could call into

common practice. Of this responsiveness on part of various Companionships we have recently had several views, and now need little more than name its character and note its reputation. It was for the most part a pure loyalty, not paid according to punctilious agreement merely, or from moral reverence or meaner fear, but from the warrior's heart and soul, urged by his grateful love. Such love the average Germanic warrior felt for his "friendly lord"—how could he fail to feel it? Strange indeed if their free-handed daily fellowship and shoulder-comradeship in fight should not develop such a bond and strengthen it against the very stroke of death! The comrade, mindful of a dear lord's love, "may not hold back," *must* give the life bought long before by lordly giving. Behind the bargained, visible debt, non-payment whereof might expect swift social penalties, had thus sprung up a spirit of pure love which could even joyously achieve the utmost payment. And, furthermore, men feel in time that such love is no less a part of duty than is actual service; that spiritual payment is quite as incumbent as material; and that a man must love his lord as well as serve him. There comes, in fact, to be a final test of this affection: the loving servant dies not only for his master's life but for his master's death; his vain defense turns to a violent despair, and death alone can calm him. Revengefulness and dutiful observance of the law of vengeance were doubtless also in the fighting,

but in the suffering and dying was balm to grief. Consider Chochiliacus and Company once more: the voluntary captives could not hope to rescue or revenge their lord; they hoped to share the worst that he expected. And be sure the tribe thereby diminished did not disapprove the manner of its diminution. Quite painfully, no doubt, it would have shown its disapproval to returned Comrades, deserters of their lord. Life-long infamy for them and theirs, outlawry and the loss of all but life: a generously revengeful indignation.

Well, I have now done with my dissection of Companionship, and must prepare to meet the question of why it was worth while going back among barbaric usages to show that men are sometimes generous, and often grateful.

Perhaps, however, one part of the defense is aided by the implicit accusation. The very fact that in societies so crude,—so fond of slaughter, and not afraid of cruelty, for there were numerous hard-driven slaves; so fond of sodden drunkenness and violent conversation; and fonder far of plunder than of principles,—that in such societies there could spring up this pure and lofty feeling, is a luminous comment on the ethical constitution of mankind, and as such not without some bearing on the moral business of our present social state and a message discoverable by the investigative mind.

But besides determining just what Companionship was in respect particularly of its spirit, it

seems necessary to note something that it just as certainly was not. This, because the thing, though in itself obvious enough to any one who will approach it closely, is, when seen afar, through media of later moral developments and possibly some film of the observer's eyes, susceptible of much misapprehension. For example, Professor F. B. Gummere, who in his book *Germanic Origins* has written instructively and entertainingly of things Teutonic, tells us that "The sense of Duty, the sense of standing and enduring for a principle, has always been the mainspring of Germanic success." I should like to know just when that "always" entered the course of Germanic civilization: its arrival did not, very evidently, come till later than the period of the Companionship. For although the practice of this truly represents, in spirit and performance, the payment of a duty — is, in fact, the highest possible exemplification of dutifulness — yet in neither spirit nor performance does this practice correspond to "standing and enduring for a principle." Any one, it seems to me, whose moral atmosphere was not still haunted by the ghosts of Kantian categorical imperatives could easily see that. Indeed, the noticeable thing about this business of Duty in those days is that in the first place it did not at all get done for Duty's sake — from "reverence for moral law," and that in the second place the greater part of what did get done, which our moral commentators have called Duty, was not,

accurately speaking, such at all, nor in its essence worthy of high praise. And as none of this, O tired reader, is of merely antiquarian interest, but of present-day importance, and such, truly, as might profit many of us well to know, I am emboldened, despite danger of desertions, to dwell awhile on the idea of Duty as illuminated by the practice of these times.

Definitions of Duty have been the hobby of past generations of philosophers; but unfortunately the philosophical definers were not, as Nietzsche recommends, also philologists, and in their making of definitions seem never to have thought of looking at the innate meaning of the word they would define. This, however, their successors have thought of doing, and are able to assure us that the word Duty, which of course means merely "something due"—a veritable debt, applied originally, whether in its French, its German, or its English form, to service rendered for value received, usually by retainer to overlord. Exactly, let us note, the idea of Duty that the practice of Companionship exemplified; and an idea no less applicable to that highest payment, of grateful in return for generous love, which the moralists of that day did indeed regard as Duty. Let us note, too, as of present import, that such Duty carried its own impulse to performance, not in "reverence for moral law," but in the debtor's longing to requite service with service, love with love. Let us lastly note that this dutifulness was its own suffi-

cient reward: that it was in itself right joyful — all the more so since it did not aim at the enjoyment; and hence never had to be commanded with apologies, and but rarely with threats, to help push it into performance. It was, in short, the loftiest idea of Duty, literally defined and actually done, the richest in its own reward, that ever operated among men. And is the ablest, by the way, to be called back into like operation.

But beside the custom of Companionship there were operative other types of morality or customariness, which had been developed by this tribal society to suit its numerous other needs. These concerned, of course, the various activities and relations of village, field, home, family, and fight, and were consequently of several sorts,— commands to courage, honesty, sincerity, chastity, and the like; but it is possible to find in all of them a certain sameness — one characteristic note. They are with no marked exception prohibitions of some natural instinct; commands not to do the natural dictate of the circumstances,— not to flee from dangerous odds — no need of urging courage for the gain of plunder; — not to take another's goods or wife or life; and so forth through the entire social sphere. They were generally needful prohibitions, but not exactly joyful; and of themselves could never have checked the fears and greeds and raging lusts of men: they most decidedly had to have some sort of outside strengthening.

That strengthening was the power of Popular Opinion, operating as police force, and backed upon occasion by spiked clubs or even heavier and sharper verbal penalties. Hence those hortatory snatches in the old English battle songs, warning the disheartened of worse things awaiting flight, "the twitting of the thanes in one's own native town." Who does not know how nearly all the social virtues — all, perhaps, except that of pure gratitude, which seems a sort of gravitational property of the soul,— were originally products of this Popular Opinion, caring for the social welfare, of the race's preservation of itself? Whoever does not had best hasten to the congregated charms of any among the mighty number of treatises on Sociology and find out the fascinating evidence. Meanwhile he may take my word.

This, then, is that Germanic morality which from Tacitean admiration to Kantian formulation has enjoyed a chorus of rapt praise, and of which Nietzschean derogation is doubtless to many a Germanically moulded mind no less than desecration — the unpardonable sin. At any rate the practice of this species of morality is what Professor Gummere describes as "standing and enduring for a principle." Was it? Not unless the "principle" was the general law that clubs are harder than heads, and barbed words able to pierce toughest feelings. These various vetoes were no doubt needful and valuable enough, but they brought with them no meed of joy, and got

but grudging obedience. They were in fact, as I promised to make clear, not "duties" in the literal sense at all, and nearly never done for their own sufficient sake. I am speaking, reader, of the far past, but I cannot help it if you apply my comments to the present-day character and reputation of principles.

For principles as a modern symptom are of course lineally descended from these ancient prohibitions,— the public conscience having through long effort finally got itself fixed as our private conscience and appropriately formulated by the philosophers; and I fear, now that I come to think of it, still keep for most of us their former unattractiveness. We obey their orders, either from good-nature or because of social or religious hopes or fears; but unless we are specimens of the rare Emersonian species, not with any actual joy. Of all this more later on.

These, then, are the kinds of "Duty" of which old English life affords us plentiful exemplification, and this chapter ample opportunity for comparison. That kind which was exemplified in the practice of Companionship we saw to have been genuine — a veritable debt of service or of love; to have been joyful; and to have been workable of its own strength, without auxiliary bribes or pains and penalties. All the other "duties" that were not such debts we also saw to have been several chiefly negative things: not genuine, not joyful, and not workable except with outside

strengthening. And we discovered, not without grief, certain striking family resemblances between this second kind and many modern kinds of Principle. But I do not recollect that we were forced to recognize any modern counterpart of the Companionship.

Perhaps these foregoing remarks may be accepted in partial apology for my having chosen to unfold the doctrine of Companionship and chronicle some portion of its practice. I hope that by completing in the next three chapters my sketch of its whole career I shall have made a quite acceptable apology. For this spectacle of the complete career of the Companionship can tell us more about the making of a moral system than most commentaries I have ever met, and as much about the marring of one as most commentators have exemplified.

Let us, therefore, trace the practice up to the splendid climax of its power and glory — its apotheosis, in short; and thence down through its pollution to its petrification and final sepulture: and then consider if it be not now both possible and well we should shape forth a modern something, not in the likeness of its long-neglected corpse, but fit for its everlasting spirit to inhabit and inform.

7. APOTHEOSIS

Having hereunto arrived, the reader has been in at the death and, incidentally, the long-belated

obsequies of the original live body of Companionship. The dead body of it stayed above ground a good while, even swelled immoderately and managed now and then to show signs of galvanic life. Which, in fact, was worse by far than knowing it was dead and getting itself duly buried.

Meanwhile, however, the spirit of it had found out a sanctuary, wherein it might have dwelt and wrought until the end of days; but didn't, as we shall see, for quite discoverable reasons. Let us again begin with the beginnings.

It has been written that one brings with him the best part of whatever he finds anywhere; and we may likewise remark, with the activities reversed, that one must already have a good part of whatever he receives. The materials of imagination, the life-imparting power, are stored in the man himself or nowhere: he must interpret all evangels through stored-up experience. Well enough, then, if he can thus piece together a fair comprehension of the message and accommodate it to some chamber of his mind; but better far and best of all, if by a long experience of his own he has prepared a place for counterpart experiences of a higher sphere and may welcome them with joyful recognition.

Such was the case when Christianity approached Companionship. Beneath the ecclesiastical encumbrances and theological accretions of five centuries the simple spirit of the ancient custom recognized a spiritual counterpart, sprang

forth to clasp it, and thereupon proclaimed it in the familiar terms of its own life. Whereof a few examples may perhaps prove not entirely superfluous.

When, for example, some patient bard, at bidding of a pious royal convert to the new-come faith or perchance of his own piety, would popularize Scripture, he forthwith changed the gospel legend to accordance with the epic type, making of the Prince of Peace and his discipleship a chief and chosen thane. In the "Heliand," or "Savior," a ninth century Saxon gospel paraphrase, when Jesus speaks of his approaching entry into Jerusalem, Thomas, "that true thane," turns to the disciples: "Up! Stay we with him. To suffer with the Folk-King, that is a Companion's part: that he stand by his lord's side and gladly die with him. Let us follow him upon the journey and count our own lives nothing worth." And again, in the garden, "the wise ones at the wicked deed of Judas stood full of deep sorrow, and said to their lord: 'If it be thy will, O mighty lord, that here they shall spear us upon their points, so were it best we died for thee and grew pale in death.'" Thus does our bard try to disguise Hebraic and decidedly un-Teutonic hesitation; and thus enthusiastically offsets it: "Then rushed forth Simon Peter, the swift sword thane; his heart boiled, so that he spoke no word — and boldly went he, the quick warrior, to stand before his lord. His mind was not wavering nor

his heart doubtful, but he drew his weapon, his sword from his side, and struck as guard against the enemy with his arm's strength." Easy to place our poet's sympathies in such affairs: submission did not to him seem better than the sword. But Peter had to be rebuked, the enemy to triumph; and the Folk-King's company had not been trained to such self-sacrifice as the companions of that other prince, Chochiliachus, long after taken captive by the selfsame power of this world.

Or read at your peril, reader, in Anglo-Saxon sacred poetry the whole world-drama of revolt in Heaven, conference in Hell, conquest of Eden, redemption, resurrection, and last judgment told in terms of thanehood.

In Heaven the angels are God's thanes. Satan is a recreant thane, forgetful of his "debt immense of endless gratitude," who aims at overthrow of God, and draws into revolt those thanes dependent on him, Satan, as their prince. Hurling down to Hell, he rallies there the warriors who have shared his fall, reminds them of his gifts in other days, and offers that one who will undertake the ruin of mankind a seat on the Satanic throne. The successful one, it is to be observed, while journeying back to Hell rejoices far more in the expectation of his lord's approval than in the anticipation of his own reward,—a notable rebuke out of the depths, one thinks, to several throne-seeking members of a better-esteemed band since active on the shores of Galilee. Thus these old

bards, we find, looking at all things in the light of their ideal of loyalty, believed in giving every loyal devil his due, regardless of his remaining character and general reputation. And surely, if the mind is its own place, a loyal, loving devil has succeeded for a time in making Heaven of Hell by the transmuting strength of love.

Nor was Eden without thanehood. Adam stood in that relation toward God, and his disobedience was deliberate treachery. God's vengeance on him and the race, with other of God's "all-too-human" traits, was found as fitting in a heavenly as in an earthly king. Had not Lord Wiglaf rooted out those other recreant thanes from house and homestead, their crime embracing branch and seed forevermore? And might not God enjoy as great a vengeance no less justly? No idea in this of God as the asserter of eternal righteousness: he is neither priggish nor pedantic, but quite naturally, from Teutonic standpoint, wrathful and revengeful over his defeated plans. Perhaps a warmer and more human-hearted deity than some "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness."

But God, just like a humanly good-natured king, at length relents, and to the rescue of his servants captive unto the power of Hell sends forth his son the Christ. Christ's apostles are, as in the Heliand, his dear comrades, who, in the Christ of Cynewulf, chief of Anglo-Saxon sacred poets, are overwhelmed with grief at his ascension:

they burst into "unbroken weeping"; "their bosoms surge within, their thoughts are all a-glow." At the judgment "there shall be a glorious band of His own thanes." But those that, "working wickedness, knew not the thanks that were God's due for that He hung upon the holy tree all for the base misdeeds of humankind and sold his life there lovingly upon that day for mankind's sake" *—they shall fare otherwise. For "what hope hath he who wittingly refuses to keep in mind his master's mild love and the miseries that he endured for men because he would that we might have the home of bliss to all eternity? They did not know the thanks due to the Ruler for their heritage: therefore shall they now" *—and so forth. Base thanklessness is the burthen of reproach, here as in the practice of Companionship, of which the whole religious scheme was a re-working.

None of this re-working need, however, perforce strike one as especially remarkable. What should, however, strike one as indeed remarkable about this outward transformation of meek followers into warlike thanes is its success in seizing on the inner and essential likeness of true Christianity and pure Companionship. We know, I trust, what was the spirit of pure Companionship: perhaps we are less sure — and little wonder, seeing what has since been offered us as such,— about that of true Christianity. But both, these an-

* From *The Christ of Cynewulf*.

cient bards were able to discover, were essentially the same: the soul of each was its whole-hearted devotion whether to a human master or to a divine. And it seemed to them most natural not only to name the new after the old but to feel it too: the highest joys of Heaven are only heightened versions of those of the earthly Hall. In the *Wanderer* the exile, "stirring with his hands the rime-cold sea" till sorrow and sleep together bind him, dreams that "he clasps and kisses his liege-lord and on his knees lays hand and head, as of old he used while his chief yet enjoyed the gift-seat"; and the Christ concludes, descriptive of the place prepared for the faithful:

"There is the gracious presence of the Lord,
Brighter than the sun for all the blessed ones;
There is the love of the beloved; life without death's
end.

A gladsome host of men; youth without age;
The glory of the heavenly chivalry. . . .
. . . There that blissful band,
The fairest of all hosts, shall aye enjoy
Their Sovran's grace, and glory with their King."

And thus Companionship, in recognition of conspicuous accomplishment on many a mundane occasion, has got deservedly elevated to celestial rank and station.

Mark, furthermore, in most of this the gratifyingly large lack of theological and ecclesiastical interest. Some amount of it there must be, for

explanatory and spectacular purposes; but all such was kept in absolute subordination to the re-directing of the ancient loyalty. The Scripture story is repeated as material more for entertainment than for meritorious reaffirmation and reiterated recitation. Small merit, thought they, in repeating what their simple minds accepted without doubt: they wanted to do something, and, denied the opportunity of later times to spend their strength on inward wrestlings with recitative outlets, they poured it forth in the performance of their faith through its commands, explicit or implied.

But all this is getting away from my main business of showing how the spirit of Companionship was an anticipation of the spirit of Christianity, and in its social and religious phases the uttermost development in duty and religion which the human spirit could or can receive. It raised duty to a spiritual payment; religious bondage to free, grateful love. That in the latter case it did so on more or less false premises does not much matter: the feelings, not the facts of it, shall judge a faith. And it was of heart full strong; and would in due time have got greater wisdom.

But before that time could come, the feeling had itself become impaired or been perverted, and in most cases could at best do good things for bad reasons, which, from one point of view, was rather worse than doing bad for good. Of this also shall the eager reader soon be given chance to judge.

8. POLLUTION

The reader has had opportunity of noting those parts of Christianity which poets and practitioners of Companionship found most familiar and made paramount in precept and in practice. He will now please note the operation of those other parts of Christian teaching which soon came to overcast, to stain, and in the end almost entirely to corrupt the purity of these.

For this pure type of religion had always, it is quite superfluous to say, been forced to bear the company of impure, ranging the whole scale of bribes and browbeats between Heaven and Hell. The transplanted Scripture had itself abounded in appeals to the cupidity and cowardice of human-kind, and doubtless often made its welcome by these means. "Believe, recite at any rate — and Heaven is yours; refuse, and you will get Hell gratis." The depths of baseness, our free-thinking friends declare. A bad beginning, anyone would naturally think.

But the fact is, friends, that this beginning, or at least the better half of it, was, looked at from ethical standpoint, undoubtedly the ablest and the best then possible. We have in recent centuries heard much of Justification by Faith and Justification by Works, concerning which the chamber battles of theology are probably still raging. Concerning which, however, we shall now say nothing more than that, considered ethic-

ally, this same former creed of Faith is of the two the only one to be considered. Climbing into Heaven, scrambling out of Hell, by whatsoever works and deeds — what goodness is in that? Merely the cheapest prudence possible to the believer; and to the beholder, far-sighted selfishness more painful than the reckless kind. Well! am I about to applaud recitative religion? Far from it; but about to mention that, whereas the creed of Works left little or no chance of goodness for the worker, that of Faith left all, and added the incitement to make use of it. “God so loved the world,” says the text especially adapted to proselytizing purposes, “that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.” To us of these days not a very convincing doctrine, whether we regard the love as *so* great that it tacks such conditions to its gifts, or as *so* wise that it frames such useful ones. But they in those days of pre-Copernican astronomy could find the doctrine quite believable. God of course had all of their good qualities; and was it not quite natural that Heaven’s king should, just as Anglia’s, want his offspring recognized, and very good indeed of him to pay so liberally for the recognition? They would take a riskless chance on such attractive terms; — and thus, probably, the new faith found its earliest converts. But observe that, this bribetaking over and Heaven won by these recitative and genuflective tactics, the worshipper had now

a chance such as a Heaven-to-be-worked-for faith could not have offered him. He might now work just as well as any worker for promised pay, in grateful love for him who had already given the reward. This labor now became his debt to Christ, a Christian service like that of Companionship and so regarded by the earliest Christianized Companions.

Here, then, Christianity had reached its highest individual altitude. The practice of it was of course imperfect; but its soul and essence was the purest and the strongest possible, and, once caught up with by its practical reason, would have urged the highest general aims into accomplishment. Here, however, at this height, it did not stay and draw the nations up to it, but itself got gradually dragged down to the vulgar level and hidden under the devotions of the crowd. Hereafter, when it does in a rare instance reappear in earlier loftiness, it surprises the historian and calls forth his special mention.

And the reason and the nature of this downfall were as follows:

Among the mass to whom Christianity made its appeal many were of course unfit for a pure form of it. The great majority of Englishmen had not the special preparation of Companionship, which was an aristocratic institution. Hard-driven slaves, hard-struggling freemen, for how many generations,— and with how much family affection all along the line? — they had probably

had little enough training in the loving gratefulness which could have helped them without aid of social antetypes to feel the very self of Christianity. They might readily profess the faith for sake of what it promised; but how speedily perform what it enjoined? And then, the gospel of Faith proving insufficient, the gospel of Works appears. It says to the inactive recitationists: "Don't fool yourselves with expectation of a Heaven so easily won. Believing is serving, as you may discover from text so-and-so, and had best observe — for hope of Heaven or escape of Hell." A good and useful form of exhortation, doubtless, if used as a last resort; not at all good as a beginning. But the trouble was that this last stroke, being simpler and yet stronger than more spiritual appeals, came to be brought first into play. Priests were plentiful whose shrewdness overleaped their wisdom and whose doctrine of devotion dealt solely with devotion to oneself. And if these aimed chiefly at the increase of their church and candles, even those of broader aim embraced the same means of impressment into their scheme of a Christian social service. In Cynewulf, together with the words of pure religious fervor one finds others of smooth promise for those who "gladsomely with gentle cheer have welcomed needy men," and of grim for those who "have forbidden the poor to enter 'neath their roof, and in their hard hearts withheld from them full everything." To these says Cynewulf, speaking for

Christ in words of Dantean power: "Why hast thou hanged me worse on thy hands' cross than when of old I hung?" and continues, threatening. Eventually the practice comes to supersede the spirit in importance.

"Well, and why not?" some pre-eminently practical person may reply. "The spirit is worth only what it can accomplish, and it here failed to get the homeless sheltered and the starving fed. It was high time an abler method had a trial, and a good thing they of that time could apply it. A great pity we can't now."

To which, however, I must answer: Much depends on our respective premises. If we make of man a social tool, which must at any cost be got into smooth, sharp, practical condition, then perhaps it is of little matter how we oil and grease or knock and file him. But if we take him for a flesh-clothed soul, here to be taught and trained up in the expectation or chance hope of some stupendous future "practice," then, immediately, it seems of rather more importance in what manner we approach this spirit and handle it. Considerably better it will seem to us, I say, that man should be a pure and faithful spirit, though a poor fool in performance, than that he be a selfish useful person such as practical society especially admires.

Well, at any rate, the practical of those days had their way as do the practical of these; for great is practicality. First they took away the

possibility of any wholly pure religious feeling by putting heavenly promise on a business basis, making of it something offered to be served for instead of something given, to be grateful for. And then they found, as teachers of the auctioneering class are always likely to find, that many chose to keep the cash and let the credit go. What was now to do? Why, those who won't be led may yet be driven: they would now drive men to good deeds. Heaven failing, Hell came to the fore.

And there it stayed ten dismal centuries, and threw its mingled glare and gloom upon the spirit of Christianity. The long reign of religious terror now began in which none but the noblest could avoid base fear, and they not always. One reads with admiration of that old pagan king who, when some foolish missionary sought to clinch his conversion with the assurance that his dead and unconverted relatives had gone to Hell, replied that he too would go with them; and is then obliged to wonder if some of his bravery were not due to incredulity or else to weakness of imagination. But soon the credulous had their imaginations cared for by kind Mother Church, and none needed lack his full and vivid knowledge of one place especially prepared for him. And when Hell had become to many the natural heritage of human-kind for their abominable sin of being born, who but a fool would not buy off the wrath to come with any possible expenditure of piety? And piety thus gets its general character of fear-

wrung tribute to the terrible Jehovah of ferociously revengeful righteousness.

“But we have heard of much pure piety among the medieval sainthood.” Doubtless; and perhaps in that respect Hell could perform the effect of Heaven. Being given Heaven would perhaps arouse in any proud race no sincerer gratitude than being saved from Hell in one persuaded of its utter loathsomeness. But the former had been a frank, joyous love outflowing into manful service: it regarded Christ as a leader, a doer, of the kind that it had always been accustomed to. The latter was a love which, looking at Christ chiefly as a sufferer, flowed forth in fellow suffering, and so became a thing of tears and agonies to no good end.

And now Companionship, thus disappointed of its Christian possibilities, can place hope only in a secular career. In which career we shall a short while follow it.

9. PETRIFICATION

Some time ago we saw how this whole business of Companionship came into being by the landless warrior's becoming thrall to some rich, famous chief. We may imagine that in such a situation the retainer naturally sought the service closest to his lord,—this from motives both of admiration and of desire to be well in at the distributing of gifts. Thus the offices most coveted are, in Saxon

society, those of Hraegel-thane, which is Rail-thane or keeper of the king's clothes; of Staller or Horse-thane, keeper of the royal horse; of Dish-thane or table-servant; and of Byrele or Scenca, one who poured especially for the king, and was probably kept busy at it. None of them occupations that appeal particularly to our independent, self-respecting times.

But as by help of his Companions the prince's spoils increase from the war-trappings of a few slain owners to the sack of townships and the wealth of kingdoms, the Companions' part in them keeps pace, and so too their appreciation of position near the royal person and in the popular regard. We shall not, however, trace the rise of these originally menial functions to offices of national importance: hear in few words how after several centuries of royal service these same servants,—Clothes-thane, Horse-thane, Dish-thane, Bottle-thane, have risen to the offices whose names are more familiar to us in their corresponding Frankish forms of Chamberlain or keeper of the royal property, of Marshal or commander of the royal troops, of Steward (Seneschal) or major in the royal house. What independent, self-respecting citizen would not be pleased to occupy such a position nowadays?

But with modern nomenclature enters no small part of modern character. Between the Anglo-Saxon Clothes-thane and his successor the Norman Chamberlain, lies a mighty gap, material and

moral,— to be bridged by us with briefest possible explanation.

First, then, with regard to the material side. We may properly suppose that as a king or lord enlarged his lands beyond his power of personal supervision, he would set over them those whom he might most trust, his nearest thanes or servitors. And these, as fit reward for their increase of service, are given name and partial fruits of ownership, the final fact of it remaining as before. For it must be remembered that the vassal is, legally, a slave: the king owns him and so whatever he by courtesy is said to own. He in turn will under royal leave own his retainers, of whom some may in like manner hold their lands and slaves. Has not the reader recognized in these arrangements the beginnings of a Feudal System, which shall rule all Europe through the Middle Ages and prolong its crippled power even into modern times?

But the beginning of a Feudal System marks the ending, from a moral standpoint, of its parent form. Real Companionship is passing, and with it the spirit of Companionship. The causes of this change? Were doubtless several, of which the more immediate seem as follows:

First in sight if not in strength among such causes was the now necessitated separation betweenthane and lord: as the king's vice-gerent the noble becomes valuable proportionally to that separation. But, on the other hand, the bond

between the two is thereby enfeebled: in place of the close personal relation and free play of feeling rises distant, cold officialdom. Contrast the warmth of that old English hall-life where the retainer clasped and kissed his lord and laid hand and head upon his knees, with the ice of that formality whereby his vassals swore to Conqueror William: "Hear, my lord; I become liege man of yours for life and limb and earthly regard; and I will keep faith and loyalty to you for life and death, God help me!" and received the investing kiss from him who "was stark man to all that knew him." A powerful performance it must certainly have been — though methinks said vassals did protest too much and William was unnecessarily affectionate, for absolute sincerity —; one which, at any rate, would make the deepest possible impression on whatever moral sense the swearer might possess. But neither that nor any feeling, good or bad, for his stark brother could keep Bishop Odo from revolting against him at the earliest opportunity. A dungeon, even starker than his relative, did keep him in the end; I wonder if a little less starkness and some love might not have kept him in the beginning. So much, however, of the oath of homage and its operation in this instance. For the other instances we are justified in guessing that the Conqueror's precaution of dispensing scattered holdings and of demanding a direct allegiance from each under-vassal dwelling thereupon proved more efficacious as

preventives of disloyalty than did the liegeman's memory of his homage and loud public protestation. The temptation of power and possession had otherwise proved stronger than his unsupported probity could bear.

But, it will or ought to be objected, the loyalty that must be kept alive by constant petting and that can't survive the test of exile, isn't worth accounting such. True enough; we may account it non-existent; and then, if we are so inclined, we may explore the reasons of its non-existence. Was the trouble with the character of Earl or that of Lord or those of both? Probably the last; but for present purposes a brief look at the first case will suffice to show us that for one thing the princely character itself could no longer inspire pure loyalty. Let us compendiously compare the older practice and the newer.

We have doubtless long since come, by multiplied examples and remarks, to know that characteristic of the ancient prince which could inspire his earldom's uttermost devotion. It was a love for them revealing itself not alone nor chiefly through the medium of many ceremonious gifts, but also and quite as convincingly, perhaps, through the accompaniments of these,— the word, the look, the smile, the touch, which carried deeper messages from soul to soul. We may furthermore remember the hypothesis that this feeling was if anything less likely to have been spontaneous than to have been produced by an originally sel-

fish care, through long activity creating for itself a soul of love.

But, however general among the great this state of feeling had once been, or however largely a bard's dream of good, in time there came to view the evidences of a gradual departure from the old ideal. Whether with the growth of kingdoms and the cares thereof, and the consequent loosening of close friendships, or with the prince's magnified esteem of power for its own sake and the concomitant weakening of the power of popular opinion over him, the prince does not in these new days prove such as to secure the love of his Companions. A testimony thereto not the less trustworthy for its indirectness meets us in the record of successive laws under the Saxon and the Danish kings of England, securing the Companion against possible abuse by his prince. Even in Alfred's day such special legislation had multiplied surprisingly; and when, in the next century, the Danish conqueror, Canute, revived the old form from the wreck of conquest, his Housecarles, as they now were called, got rights and privileges amounting practically to emancipation. What better testimony were discoverable? In olden days these rights were taken as a matter of course, merged and forgotten in enjoyment of far greater privileges; and the talk was chiefly about duties. Imagine Beowulf presenting Bills of Rights against Lord Hygelac, "with whom all good had its beginning," or Wiglaf against Beowulf, "the

mildest and most gracious of mankind." Rights must be guarded when need is, but well for those who need not wake to know them. The law, while it remains unwritten, written only on the heart, is warm and living; when it must be written down on record, there is proof that it has left the heart, the life of it approaching petrification.

Thus Companionship approaches petrification, from an immediate cause which seems to us most plain. The causes of this cause, however, do not require our exploration: to ask whether this so general worsening in the character of prince be chargeable to betterment in his material circumstances or to a difference of race, the Danish and the Norman individualistic violence of nature kicking against calmer Saxon custom and upsetting utterly the tottering power of popular opinion, were for our aim asking quite too curiously. The result, at any rate, and of this the immediate cause, are nowise doubtful. Who ever clasped the knees of a Plantagenet except, perhaps, in frigid homage or forced supplication — in hope of getting profit from him or of getting safely from his villainies and lusts?

Nor will it be worth our while to wonder how a feudal baronage no less violently individualistic than their overlord would have behaved toward overlord of ancient model, had one been vouchsafed them. How they did behave toward what they did have we know well enough, and need not hunt particular examples of the general decline

and fall. Of those that were not treacherous in act how many were not treacherous in thought, lacking not will but way; and of the small remainder how many, pure affection being quite impossible, held faith from "pure reverence for moral law," and not from pure fear of the royal power? And in any case how great a fall from the pure, free spirit of Companionship!

There is left for us only to note those further ways where through the Feudal System spread its wide infection. As it had entered into and taken possession of the corpse of a terrestrial Companionship, so it now fastened on the corpse of a celestial. The God whom early Christianity had kept in background, hid behind Lord Christ, this Feudal Christianity brought back, where anywhere, into old Hebraic dominance. This time, however, he came not as God of righteousness but of his own will, which made right. As such, he received from Feudalism, when anything, the homage due "whom thunder had made greater," and occasionally other tokens of browbeat obedience. Nay, when our modern "mere morality" talks of its duties and its unconditional commands, who cannot discover in the former the old debts of feudal days and in the latter only a slight alteration of that once entirely conditional command, loud-bullying in tone and backed by minatory clubs and hungry dungeons as conditions of all disobedience?

To this custom, then, have victimized mankind

descended from the ancient custom: the soul of that,

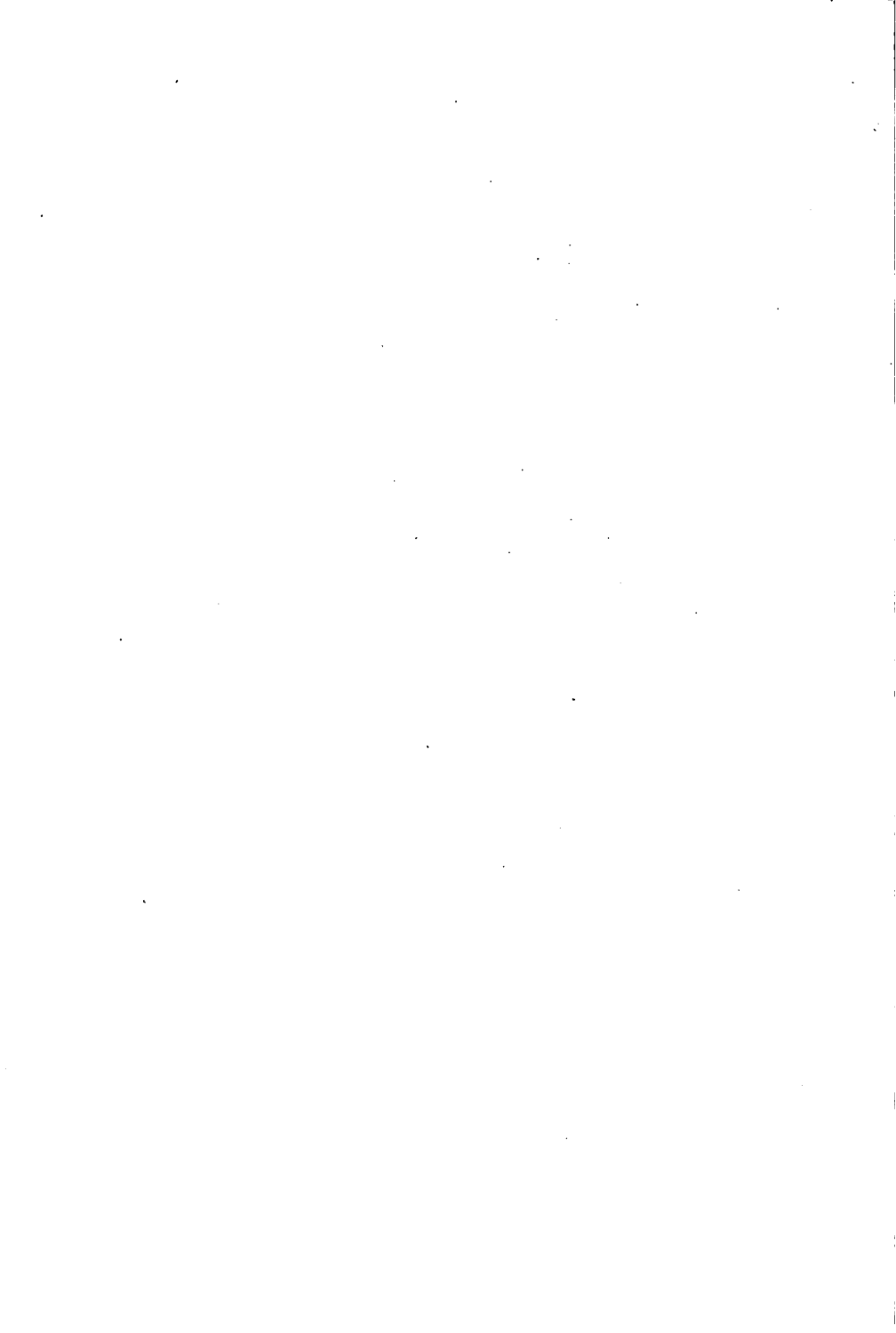
“grown clotted with contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, and loses quite
The divine property of her first being.”

And to this modern mere morality or customariness have civilized mankind quite literally descended or come down, and

“Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before;”

are very proud of their “degenerate and degraded state,” I do believe.

And so with these farewell to thee, Companionship. Thy corpse, possessed of various devils, has remained with us some ages, and still gives much trouble to be got entirely under ground,—but thy spirit, when shall that come back to gladden us again?



BOOK II
THE CROWD

1. FREEDOM

Well, we have at length got much of those half-putrified, half petrified remains of a Companionship out of our smell and sight. And what times there were before and in the act of burying that pestilential and impenetrable corpse! What viperous broods were to be stopped up within, and what jackal and hyena bands to be slain off! But bestial metaphors are mild compared with the human actualities. In 1066 King Harold, last of the folk-kings, went out, and with him the last faint phosphorescent gleamings of Companionship. In 1137, we may hear by means of the Peterborough Chronicle, "they"—the later shepherds of the people—"took those who they thought had any goods and tortured them unspeakably. Never were martyrs tortured as these men. Some they hanged up by the feet and smoked them with foul smoke; some they hanged up by the thumbs or head with armor fastened to their feet; others they tied round the head with knotted strings and twisted them until they went to the brain. Some, moreover, they cast into cells where snakes and toads were and so killed them. Some they put into torture-houses, which were narrow, short, and shallow chests, packed sharp

stones upon them, and then pressed them until they broke all their limbs." Some, too, they hitched up in spiked halters, and others they entertained with manifold devices more. Why mention, after such evidences of inventive individualism, that they starved many thousands and "spared neither church nor church-yard"?

Such plagues, however, having finally devoured all valuable victims, their virulent activity halts for lack of food, and the near-perished people has a chance to spring and to grow strong again. So, after nineteen years, according to the Chronicle, of barren fields and burned towns, and of villages "deserted at the coming of two mounted men," the good king kindly dying, the good king next in line could get sufficient help partly to cleanse the land. And so was the worst got over with.

But much remains to do, which, not demanding such immediate remedy, must be endured for several centuries before it can begin even slightly to be cured. The dead hand of authority, royal and religious, holds the individual down; and he, poor devil! happy at not being squeezed quite out of life, will bear what may be borne. Nay, will he not on some occasions kiss the hand and thank it for the room to wriggle in? The King, who had long ago been "cyning" (son of the tribe, and bearer only of lent power), now becomes Heaven's representative and very properly careful of its honor as vested in himself, and takes two or three

hundred years to be set straight about the situation once again. And, that accomplished, Upper Class must gradually be urged to sit less heavily upon the neck of Lower Class. Meanwhile some of us may not choose whom we would to talk for us on national occasions of the talking kind, must pay our taxes without such preliminary conversation, and are righteously aggrieved thereat. This too is finally adjusted on both sides of the Atlantic to the general satisfaction of the righteously aggrieved. We, on this side, have some questions of like nature to consider, but in due time get them also settled smoothly and the same on both sides of our Mason and Dixon's line. So that, politically speaking, Freedom dwells in the midst of us and waves her sheltering wings; we have the glorious privilege of choosing whatsoever we can get to talk for us, and should ever mind our debt of gratitude.

Other freedoms were, however, to be won; in which warfare progress has crept even more slowly, but gratifyingly withal. That other tyranny, which sat in Heaven and made right and wrong by word of mouth, has been reduced in some minds to benevolent despotism or to paternalism, has by others been republicanized to presidency of an Ethical Society, and by many has been abrogated and retired altogether. In like manner the domestic tyranny of former times has given place to milder modes of household government, which may be better or may be worse, but are in either case

come to remain some little while. Nay, has not the Spirit of Freedom flown in the face of Moral Law itself, refusing to be bullied about by any such impersonal phantom, and following some inner guidance of its own, not necessarily so far, far worse? In close company with which proud Spirit are apparent many anarchists of excellent character and other perfectly free persons of various species and reports.

Wherefrom it seems we may assume that Freedom in its several forms and aspects has arrived to some of us at least. We know full well that as a serious fact Freedom is far from having arrived to all of us; that as a matter of evident fact Feudalism still dwells among us, and under altered name and mildened demeanor keeps much the same old character. We know that for many of us Freedom means the liberty of choosing to take what wages we can get, for what hours, under what conditions, or to die, perhaps not unaccompanied, by process of starvation. This is our modern Feudalism, commonly called Industrialism, with acquisitive employer superseding robber baronage: it is doubtless some advance on the old system, but still far from a truly delightful state of things. And this being so, some of us will probably maintain that it is the immediate duty of all social pulpiteers and pamphleteers steadfastly to demand for these survivors of old serfdom greater and still greater degrees of genuine freedom, and

meanwhile to rejoice quite tamely in what freedom has been won.

Be all that, however, as it may, it is not the writer's present intention to join any section of the social struggle. That struggle is now being vigorously fought by leaders abler than he in their chosen battle-field, his own ability and present justification of pamphleteering having been got chiefly from experience in another sphere; and such being so, he makes this effort in the nature either of supplement to the crowned efforts of past leaders or of accompaniment to the present campaign, which can easily use a little more impulsive power. And as such it is, he thinks, no less than enlistment in the louder-raging struggle,—nay, in some ways rather more than this,—a useful and a needful undertaking.

For it is to be remembered that this modern struggle is mainly one for wages, hours, and conditions, all of which are highly important, but not all — or ultimately important; and probably not best obtained by fighting for them only. Only with higher urgencies in mind do men seem likely to be mindful of these and mend them.

The place and possibility of such urgencies among us we are shortly going to consider; and had better, therefore, first consider briefly the chosen activities of those of us to whom freedom has in some degree arrived.

2. ACTIVITIES

Considering how much music, poetry, and sculpture has been made in Freedom's name, and what worship of the abstract goddess has been general among new-free, joyful folk, one scanning history will be surprised to note how few of the afore-said joyful folk and of their progeny would stay rejoiced in peaceful unoppressed possession of their old Divinity or would seek at any time to spread her happy reign. He will, in fact, soon find how few of all her one-time worshipers were verily devoted to the goddess, she being somewhat too abstract,—how few fought and bled in Freedom's cause, and how many merely to be free. Perhaps, too, he may here remember Burke's remark, that "Liberty inheres in some sensible object"—meaning one that may be grasped by the senses, often a very foolish one indeed; and following this clue, he will shortly reach the reason of this failure to rejoice perpetually in the safe-held prize. It was not for Freedom, and not merely to be free, that most men fought and bled, but to be free from doing these things which they did not like, for doing those things which they did. Hence these hortatory "Who so base as be a slave?"s, which even now can fire our long since franchised blood. Nay, if mere rest from tyranny has once seemed happiness, the recuperated spirit seeks activity and strives anew.

How, then, we are to ask, does the present ac-

tive throng of our free citizens employ those opportunities which their forefathers purchased, often at supreme expense?

Looking over the favored crowd of us who can to some degree choose our activities, we find—confusion worse confounded! But let us group as many as possible of these pursuits about some common spirit that impels them all. Doing this we find that throughout the widest-distant walks of life, from Leisure Place to Labor Alley, two motives are the main impulses of free effort, which may therefore be appraised from reference to these.

Of these one is so generally recognized as to be embodied in an ideal,—the ideal of “getting a good time,” the doctrine and the creed of Play. This for many is the faith. The articles of it are vastly different among the various scattered, sometimes mutually hostile, sects of the great cult; so also are the worship-places. The former range from firm conviction that the chief end of man is a theater seat, down by innumerable degrees through absolute belief in field or air or water sports, to inarticulate asseveration of the ecstasies of gin. And the latter, the temples of their practices, preserve appropriateness respectively. They are mostly of the “world’s sweet inn” type, magnified to operatic palace or diminished to back-alley barroom with unutterable lodgings overhead, but keeping in all cases the taper of their common spirit burning clear. And among these

beaconing abodes or other regions of allurements the multitude divides itself and undertakes to feed on superfine pure joy. A considerably greater number, we may remark just to complete the metaphor, have trouble getting free from rather urgent previous engagements not of joyful sort, and so rarely join the generous feast. Wherefore they are pitied much both by themselves and by the better-natured of the banqueters. "We want amusement," they proclaim; and the sympathetic answer: "Poor things! We'll try to amuse you; perhaps we'll get you up a pageant or a parade, which is also highly educational"; or ask querulously, "Why have not our brothers been amused?"

But we shall by no means dwell upon these incidentals of the scheme. And the various activities of the diversion process, whether carried on with public approbation and triumphant blatancy or under secret circumstances which prohibit public mention, need not concern us now: I now want only to make clear the spirit which impels much of our freely chosen life. But does that spirit stand in need of any such elucidation? Is it not seen and known and taken as a matter of course by more than notice or imagine any other mode of self-expression in the world to-day? For this the fathers fought and sometimes died; for this the children seek and cry. "Let us play! Let us play! What is the use of freedom without play; or rather what is freedom but the oppor-

tunity of playing?" Without this play man is not free; he is "tied-down" to this or that, to these or those, and can't get free to go and do: he lacks diversion, and his life is slavery — a living death indeed. Such, then, is the standing of diversion in the estimation of many of our modern free-conditioned citizens. It is, in truth, the creed of the crowd, their simple axiom solving all life's mystery — except, perhaps, the problem of why Providence has not provided better for their entertainment. A troubling problem this, which some solve by concluding that the Providence which does not provide better, therefore is not, or were quite as well not, anyway. But this is beside our mark, which is merely to note the number that under Freedom make, or would make if they might, diversion their life's end and aim.

Perhaps the careful reader has discovered in the foregoing commentary signs that I partly disapprove the creed of the diversionists. That is true; and for several reasons, hereinafter to be rendered. Meanwhile, however, we have the other kind of activity to notice.

Set everlastingly against diversion stands devotion, and invites us to turn out antitheses. Checking the full flow of our responsive inclination, we shall turn out only one, and that not novel. Is it not, then, simply this: that diversion seeks to get; devotion seeks to give: that the first, seeking its own satisfaction, is entirely selfish; that the second, spending itself freely, is pure unselfish-

ness? So, indeed, we have it variously exemplified, — from the rugged dutifulness which is often also resignation, through the several commercial, scientific, and artistic “consecrations,” up to those deep personal devotions which are probably the commonest cases in this kind. And the certain test of such devotion is its unconditional self-surrender. This it is that utterly distinguishes all sham devotion — all service seeking its reward, all mouth enthusiasm and dilettantism, all gregarious good-nature and mere animal lust — all, in a word, which asks to get, from that which asks only to give.

And how — through what visible activities — does this spirit of devotion chiefly reveal itself? It may indeed do so through any into which the spirit can penetrate. Does not even the diversionist in his diversions often, involuntarily, illustrate this? The grateful gourmand — to begin with baser sort — may “devote” some part of his gorged strength to eulogy of dinner, will probably reward its live accessories with lavish tipping; the “devoted” sportsman will attain disinterested heights in praise and in promotion of his pastime, and business, art, truth, virtue, and their sort have each its genuine and more or less joyous devotees. But the best devotion this world knows, the commonest and gladsomest, is that of one soul to another. Most of humankind are not held by devotion to a practice or a principle, cannot temporarily entertain it, and do not indeed at all at-

tempt it. Spirit asks the call of spirit to respond with fullest strength. Nay, have not our philosophic, moralistic, and artistic friends missed something in an abstract object of devotion, and endeavored to supply the lack of living personality with some makeshift personification each of his own pursuit? Hence these various proper-namings of "divine Philosophy," "gracious Virtue," "glorious Art"—in most cases, I imagine, with rather poor success. These, at any rate, speak only to the merest fraction of mankind; the immense majority of us must have a living object to awaken and receive our love. In such case only will however much devotion we may have to give come free and warm from our full hearts. And so in these loves for the living,—in the love of dog for man, of man for master, friend for friend, throughout the family bond, and in all further manifestations whether animal, human, or divine,—we find the perfect types of pure devotion, the love that longs not in the least to get, but longs only to give.

3. CRITERIA

"And therewith gives away its freedom!" our shrewd diversionist exclaims with copious contempt; "throws away its birthright and the whole worth of its being!"

Well, that is tragic if the fact; but is it after all the fact? Let us weigh and judge the claims

of these two practices upon our optional activity.

"Ah, yes," replies our playful friend, "we know the sound of that decoy. You want to snare us in the net of social service. But we aren't to be caught that way. We have not received devotion from society, we don't ask it, and we won't give any. Tie yourself up as you will, but leave us to pursue our paths of happiness."

Your pardon, friend; I aim to help you in that same pursuit, or rather in accomplishment of the same end by better methods than pursuing. I do not plan to spend the glowing energy of your pursuit for satisfying social claims; I shall not once mention them. I shall at present judge these two, diversion and devotion, on no other ground than that of their intrinsic joyfulness. This is surely not a priggish or pedantic ground of judgment; and judgment on this ground is, all considered, easily possible. So let us be about it.

If it is by joy alone that life is to be justified, where shall that joy itself be found and tested? Life, we know, is lived within; it is of the feelings, and must have its judgment here. So much feeling, so much life: that is the simple formula. There are many feelings, though? Yes, but all of them, each in its own degree, will, for present purposes at least, come within one or other of two kinds of feeling, of loving or of hating, its reverse. The degrees range from our little likes and dislikes to our soul-compelling passions, but throughout their range are somewhere within these kinds.

Now one of these need not detain our notice; the good hater, though very much alive, is not generally thought of as a highly joyful creature, and not many people practice hating with much satisfaction to themselves. Love, then, is the element in which joy grows; and life to each possessor has the present value only of its various loves.

So much love, then, so much life. But life, or love, has its levels, has its height no less than its expanse; and the fondest feedings of our gluttonous congregation, the most delighted gapings of our spectatorial multitudes, are rightly judged — and on no priggish ground, but on the single basis of their own possession of pure joy — to be on somewhat lower levels than are several other sorts of love. What are these more elevated? They are widely various, no doubt, but have at least one trait in common. The characteristic of them all, the seal and certification of all higher loves, is that they give themselves to the thing loved, to the beloved, that they burst forth in devotion.

And what diverted attitude of soul can stand with this devoted? Look at the life diversion leads, or rather note the lack in much of it of any actual living. For life is a condition of inner activity, or feeling; and diversion for the most part represents a minimized inner activity, a passivity approaching torpor and spiritual death. It means to most the mere having of things happen to them which produce a tickled feeling: to the more enterprising remainder, an opportunity

to fling their limbs about or perhaps employ their upper faculties; but in all these cases with what degree of genuine delight? Well enough and doubtless needful we should have such soothing changes, revivifying vacations from intenser living; but here they are held up as life itself — a sad revelation of the value of existence to some people. For life in its activities of larger value is necessarily a state of love; and the most active, even violent diversionist lives less intensely than the mildest devotee. The former sometimes spurts a plentiful stream of sparks, but from surface friction chiefly; the latter glows within. That is the psychological gap between the two: pastime rarely penetrates the bosom's core and kindles us at heart, but leaves us cold with an increasing coldness which becomes disgust. Or if it does penetrate and kindle us, it thereby loses its own nature, diversion changing to devotion. Therein lies its greatest hope. Beginning possibly with promotion of mere pastime, with applause of a performer, or with trying to delight the palates or the pulses of one's friends, devotion enters the ascending path of life and joy, the scale of loves whose highest is a sort of ecstasy, a being carried out of self into a state beside which all diversion is but as the near approach of death. Love it is that looses us from the dominion of a deathly life and lifts us into the ecstatic spheres of its devotion.

But what diversionist untried in such devotion

will believe our word? Then leave theorizing and repair to the store of its examples. Not to lug in the case of lovers, overworked nowadays, who will think the warrior-thane of old, ranging the long shores and seas or drinking mead in mead-hall, hearing the song of scop or gleeman and occasionally shouting his own tipsy praise, lived such life as when in overflowing loyalty he clasped the knees of his dear lord or flung himself before him in the battle-clash or followed him into defeat and death? And we have heard among our modern instances of more than several who when their loved ones died and freed them from slave-like devotion, have shortly followed after in the face of infinite diversionary possibilities. Why, work itself of the most drudging — not to speak of the most trifling play — may be turned into devotion,— best, probably, by being turned toward persons — and thereby become a sort of spiritual play surpassing the corporeal in purity and permanence of joy. But this too what diversionist will heed?

Here, at any rate, abide these two, diversion and devotion — the one a turning from the way of life, the other a straight driving onward. And between these two the crowd divides itself, with what prevailing choice is plain to see. Alas, poor crowd, how utterly indeed are you diverted, turned aside! And how indeed shall you be brought back into pathways of devotion?

4. SOCIAL AIMS

It has perhaps occurred to the patient reader, unless sleep has long since anticipated the occurrence, to wonder what may be my aim in weighing these activities, diversion and devotion. Is it my philanthropic purpose to persuade joyful diversionists into devotion's greater joys? There would seem more loudly crying needs and plaintive opportunities for our persuasion. It were somewhat better, I believe, to let the joyful throng gather its joys as hitherto — the harvest probably repays the reaping — and turn our altruistic efforts toward that growing number whom diversion does not satisfy and that greater multitude whom it has rarely visited, never for long.

But it will hardly do to bid either diverted or undiverted: "Be ye devoted"; because they simply won't act on instructions, and will probably laugh scornfully. For very rarely are men ever got to hunt the higher joys on straight tips and inside information. Tipsters and informants there have been since the beginnings of communication, and many famous formulas of happiness — Pythagorean, Platonic, Epicurean, Stoic, and Christian, with their medieval and modern variations and negations,— have been spoken out of deep experience and repeated endlessly by sundry sign-posts eloquent planted over the world pathway,— to what practical effect? The mass of us, hedged and hindered by necessity and habitude,

have been quite satisfied to hunt only happiness enough, spying it in the diversions of our native ditch or alley, and leaving with sceptical or scornful laugh the heights and the expanse to the aspiring or adventurous few.

And even if men were progressive enough to undertake experiments, the outcome would probably for the majority of experimenters prove quite disappointing. It is written that Saint Francis could with chanting the joys of serving Our Lady Poverty win any whom their female relatives had not hidden away; but it is also written that the brethren of Saint Francis, when they had outspread the personal supervision of the saint, deposed the earlier Lady and set up several other Ladies in her stead. They had not found in a joy-seeking service the joys that he had promised: they had not brought with them the ingredients of that joy which Francis, having brought them, could find there. And the saint himself might have remembered how the summons came to him: not a coaxing call to happiness it was that came into his tavern life, no invitation to come revel in devotion; but another voice, announcing duty and if needful adding, not persuasive but imperative: "Thou thriftless debtor, pay thy debt long due, or —." It made little mention, I surmise, of joys in store, spoke not at all of paying debt for sake of further gift; but had something to say, perhaps, of a certain debtors' prison, rather painful then to the imaginative mind. Thus much —

somewhat too much — by way of illustrating what in philosophic dialect is called hedonistic paradox, and popularly explained to mean that one doesn't generally get joy hunting it.

That is, as we have been trying to say, few are in the first place hard gripped by persuasive precepts and fewer still held fast. So that few indeed have found their higher joys until these came as the unlooked-for consequences of necessity or duty, which did not commend, but commanded, even harshly. Comes Pure Reason to commend some loftier and broader life, how many will attempt it, or approve it? But comes the bidding clad in a right Voice of Duty, and then — for some of us, at least — those dear former pleasures “shake and despoil themselves, and grow gray” with ashen pallor of lost charm in presence of that awful or that lovely word; and those alien heights that seemed so barren of all joy are now the only resting places for fear-goaded souls, and heaven-touched pavilions for love-guided, who may bless the bidding that made them attainable.

Therefore, though our expansive-smiling, comfort-careful philanthropic friends would coax men to do thus and so in order to be happy, we that have profited from universal-historical allusions and Franciscan references, with subjoined observations, will set to work in other ways. We will speak as mouthpieces, or if possible act as personifications — though that is anticipating — of imperatives without promissory postscripts,

which command unquestioning and unreckoning devotion. But we will the more on this account make sure the utmost meed of joy dwells in the doing or waits to crown it — that we do not sacrifice the person to the imperative.

And we will also — since we are now in the way of planning — test our imperative-to-be for possibilities of general utility. It shall produce not only for the individual joy the greatest — many closet, studio, and family devotions can do that, and little more — but “joy in widest commonalty spread”; it shall be of double benefit, the latter half of which may be much manifolded.

For the fact is, reader, that this little book is only, as I may already have remarked, another of those social gospels wherewith we have of late been pelted, though this will prove, I trust, a trifle different. As such, it aims not merely to move whom it may to any kind of devotion — office, study, studio, family, or mixed — but, more ambitiously, to move the individual into general devotion. To bring each into some kind and degree of devotion to all, is, I take it, the object of most social aims and gospels, whether under name of civic virtue, social righteousness, or other offensive title. And as the several dozen social imperatives now in occupancy of their appropriate spheres seem sorely lacking in impulsive strength, or at most do not seem charged with an all-adequate degree of it, I have ventured to push into their company this resuscitation of that ancient type which was

once found beautifully workable and is at least still voluble, by me, to present-day — deafness, perhaps.

But before I do proceed to introduce and amplify my revived imperative, let me, to make it room, for the brief remainder of this Second Book examine certain extant and still reputable, but more or less dilapidated and undermined social measures, and try to sweep away the worthless. For so a proper spiritual builder must, before he brings on his own "architecture," sweep away usurping piles, leveling relentlessly all leaning towers of authority, all cluttered chambers of disuse, all guileful labyrinths, and all the world's sweet inns adjacent which could deceive or drowse a possible discipleship. Then o'er the wreckage he has wrought shall rise the temple of his own neat plan.

5. PRINCIPLE

Ask the average reformer, professional or amateur, what average unreformed humanity most needs, and it is ten to one he tells you, "Principle; to get more principle into its make-up; to brace and build its moral fibre." What, then, we must next ask, is the nature of this tonic Principle that is to raise the spiritual health-rate of society? And lest the average reformer unnecessarily complicate things, let us leave him to his reformations and try to answer shortly for ourselves.

Principle itself is of course a compound of principles, but happily for our powers of endurance there is no need to enumerate. From these numerous principles may be formulated a composite principle, the divers formulas of these being swallowed all and well digested into "Do as you'd be done by," as the wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best their doctrine has to say. Will not this formula suffice? Is it not sufficiently elastic? It may be stretched to signify "Do as you hope to be done by"—but seldom is, I believe; it may be twisted into "Don't do as you wouldn't be done by"—the shape under which it sometimes operates; and it may be squeezed down into "Do as you are willing to be done by if ever you are fool enough to occupy the other fellow's place"—a very popular version, I have reason to suppose. An elastic formula, certainly. Quite too elastic, some might say, and proceed to make suggestions; but none need trouble to, because for purposes of present remark it does not minutely matter what any or all principles have to say. What I have now to say will fit any and all formulas of principle.

First, then, notice that enunciation of any principle in the ear of conscience by whatever inner or outer voice, is by no means the whole business. Would it were; for then, with all the numerous enunciations which now vibrate in and round about us, there might be some chance of getting a number of desirable things done. Nor is it possible

that there is not enough interior and exterior enunciation: would that were so; for then greater publicity were easily to be got: who that reads newspapers or public libraries does not know one amiable philotomist at least who would back a Principle Publicity Company, bearing his own name? But the amiable backer may invest to better advantage elsewhere, for in this business the fact is, friends, that announcements and announcers both have become of late abounding bores, to no proportionate betterment of our principles. Not only do our amply present opportunities for splendid application remain embraced of very few, but our omnipresent opportunities for dirty enough desecration of principle are rather eagerly seized upon. We still slander our enemies, deceive our friends, cheat our customers, smuggle goods if we dare, keep rotten tenements if we are rich or a church corporation, and pour our sewage into other people's water supply,—not at all in ignorance but in absolute contempt of principle. And in various parts of the country high-principled persons hold up astonished hands at our doings, themselves an interesting and pathetic sight.

An interesting and pathetic sight, I say, because they really expect us to be ruled by principle, and are painfully disappointed when they find how few of us care anything about it. Whereas the reasons of this general indifference are natural enough and not necessarily discouraging. Let us begin again at the *status quo* and continue our re-

searches into how a principle, having got itself heard, gets itself duly practised, or rather — shall we not say? — into why it usually fails in the second undertaking. But this being a matter of mental behavior, we must consult our friends the psychologists.

Our psychological friends assure us that before all action comes emotion, that feeling is behind all doing whatsoever, and that the practice of a principle or anything else depends upon the power of its appeal to our feelings. To what feelings, then, and with what power, does principle appeal?

The feelings to which a principle or anything else must appeal for performance are those of Love and Fear, which in some kind and degree impel all our performances. Now with respect to pure and simple Principle-for-its-own-sake, which feeling gives the impulse — love or fear — is no-wise doubtful. Once in a while we meet some transcendental person, a specimen of the rare Emersonian species, who has been ravished by the beauty of Eternal Law and yields it a delighted obedience; but the greater part of our small principled class are not in love with principle. Their feeling toward it for its own sake is probably some modern derivative of old-time fear, such as awe at its sudden "unconditional command" or reverence for its lofty character. "Reverence for Moral Law" is the formula which Kant, once Chief Formulator in this matter, pronounced the proper impulse of all principled conduct, and then added

that perhaps no conduct ever was purely so impelled,— which somewhat diminishes the value of his formula. The fact is — and it does not call for proof, since even Kant could see it — that few and very few, if any of us at all, have such a fund of reverential feeling or see any reason why we ought to get one or regret the lack of it. “Why,” we ask — unless we are of the funded few — “why should we obey the voice of Principle, an abstract, bloodless, lifeless thing, that never yet did anything for anybody to deserve his love and obedience?” This we ask, those of us who do not love the thing for its own sake, and who also think occasionally, but with a vague feeling of our rebellion; for the old tyranny of principle is deep-seated, and we are new to questioning. But are we not right? What right have principles as such to command anything? If they can charm us into delighted obedience, well and good; but when, failing to be lovable, they try to be terrible, standing off and shouting unconditional commands at us,— what of that? If Duty is, as they tell us it began by being, a matter of actual repayment, these demands of principles are, I fear, somewhat in the nature of extortion. A bullying and extortionate lot are principles:— are they not indeed decidedly unprincipled?

All this, I think, those of us who sometimes meditate the matter are resolved upon, and the rest dimly realize. There is no duty about the

business: some purblind philosophers have mistaken the false feeling of obligation — begotten we have since seen how — for a valid sense of duty — with what foolish consequences we have also seen; they are long since undeceived, and the sooner we are the better. For if mankind are ever to look upon Duty with pleasure instead of resignation or disgust, if they are ever really and truly to be captivated by it — please don't laugh, good reader,— then something in their make-up or in the doctrine's, I surmise, must eventually suffer change. But our philosophers have so far failed to find the needful dose of denaturalization for converting our warm human feelings into cold fish-like gaze at Principle-for-its-own-sake, and meanwhile we are going on the same as usual and daily getting farther in the other way. Whence it may seem well, since human nature will not modify its throbbing breast to gills, its devising hands to fins, and thus sea-changed, swim off to meet the school of principles in their own element, that the principles should somehow get themselves equipped with suitable land-organs and appendages in order to associate with humankind.

Of course, it does not follow that we are at present villains or unprincipled, but that our principles are otherwise pushed into action: by sympathy or piety or, chiefly, by regard for public opinion,— in most cases by some symptom of that same old deep-indwelling fear. But of all

this by and by; for this chapter is consecrated to principles in themselves and for their own precious sake.

What is left to say of them? No word of parting lamentation for their past and present neglect; of parting hope for their final recognition? Not by me, good friends: I find that there are things both worse to neglect and better to recognize. By me, then, only a word of wonder at the splendid reputation that principles, despite their generally joyless inutility, have so long enjoyed, — at the way in which our wise men have been so long and perfectly imposed on by them.

And now a chapter in simple explanation of the imposition and in compound condemnation. It will prove, I fear, stale stuff to some, but it is a necessary course in our present fare, and those who have already had their fill of it need only nibble briefly.

6. PUBLIC OPINION

It used not long ago to be a matter of much debate among the philosophically bent whence came this appeal of principle, voice of conscience, or moral sentiment, which was regarded as the chief conservator of human society. Now, thanks to Evolutionary lore, there is no longer any smell of mystery about the matter, and one may read in any of the fascinating sociologies aforesaid just whence and why and how the moral sentiment came to be whatever it now is. Or one

may take my word on their authority that it has grown naturally in the course of centuries from a public to a private sentiment. The feeling of the tribe on all acts making for its welfare or its ill-fare was the earliest kind of conscience, and for long the only kind. Another kind came out of this much later, when finally the tribal feeling, by dint of bribes to due observance and blows for disobedience, got fixed in most individuals as a feeling of their own. Wherein as private conscience it has persisted even to this day.

Meanwhile the moralists have not been mute, but copiously proclamatory of their various opinions on this presence of a conscience in mankind, which have pleasantly complicated matters for some length of time. They in fact first called the feeling "conscience," and not knowing how else to account for it, gave God full credit for its being in us, and seeking to encase the feeling in a formula, began defining it in various high astounding terms. Of these Chief Formulator Kant's are most remarkable: he, having pieced together the separate precepts into which the voice of conscience was popularly supposed to split itself for each particular occasion, found them to make up one voice, his famous Categorical Imperative or unconditional command of Duty: "Act always in such a way as you might will to be a universal law." Such was his collective version, which proved very popular with the philosophic and other thoughtful folk.

So much, then, for whence and why and how the voice got heard, and what it finally got understood to say. Nowadays its supernatural reputation has suffered with the thoughtful, but its natural power is probably not much impaired: we all hear it more or less and are more or less moved to obey. Something, then, seems now in need of mention as to how this voice of Duty has ever got its dictates done: to what in us has it triumphantly appealed for their performance? Let us look a moment at the real workings of morality.

Now the analyzing that we have already done in the case of principles has shown us one strange thing, that morality as matter of customariness or social conduct has not enough force in itself of either love or fear to accomplish what has been accomplished in its name. Its chief force has been the *vis inertia* of habit (after that has developed out of custom), and whenever there has been need of breaking that bondage in favor of a better, or of checking outbreaks toward a worse, morality itself has usually needed outside strengthening. That strengthening also we have already hinted at: it has usually, as in the beginning, been the power of Public Opinion, backed with all its available clubs and bribes, or, more rarely, that of Heavenly Opinion, supported likewise by all its spiritual weapons and prizes.

This, then, is what morality in most cases really amounts to: not following an inner light, but following any sufficiently compulsive outer opinion

wherever it may point. It happens now to point such or such a way: had it always pointed opposite, how many of us would not now be following thither? And now we know well from our afore-said Evolutionary lore that the opinion has been subject to historical variations and is still to geographical vagaries, and is after all its fuss far from an everlasting and exalted affair. One development we must give it fullest credit for: it has set its face against active cruelty of any sort, and turned it slightly toward active kindliness; but for the rest it is only a continuation of the racial and social instinct of self-preservation, and spends its greatest strength for purely selfish purposes.

Yet I have nothing to say against Public Opinion on the score of its selfishness. Even if the selfishness were ten times greater, it would still be natural enough and far more reasonable than the righteousness of principle-for-its-own-sake. I cannot therefore follow my fiercely individualistic friends in reviling it altogether. On the contrary, I can find it, despite its steady stupidities and occasional idiocies, generally salutary. For generally it speaks no theoretic rightness, but the experience of centuries, gathered at length into good gray wisdom. Its stupidities and idiocies are largely the result of its modern attempt, urged by Hebraic theology and Germanic categorical morality, to speak from a standpoint of pure righteousness instead of from one of general pro-

tection or, better-than-to-be-expected, from one of specific human happiness. On the whole, however, I can wish it much more power — and wisdom.

But it now becomes my painful duty to manifest to the admiring and all-confident friends of Public Opinion some limitations of the ablest possible future performances of their champion. If it should ever prove a fairly efficient moral police force in preventing outright attacks on human happiness, it will never, so far as I can see, get past this negative achievement, get to the promotion of positive happiness. It may some time be itself benevolent enough — representative, that is, of enough real beneficence — to feel like coaxing people into active goodness, but that will be its very best ability. It can never successfully command kindness as a social duty, even if that ever throve under compulsion. Cold charity it may indeed command as social protection, and get what it can through increased taxation; but nothing more. A certain amount of coaxing it may do, with its sweet promises of reward — when it has itself set the example; but when, I wonder, will that be? Just now it has its hands, or rather its mouth full trying to keep trusts and politicians out of its pockets, and is likely to be so engaged some length of time.

Another cruel fact, quite necessary, however, for the all-confident friends to face: that the power of Public Opinion is not keeping pace with

the growth of its wisdom (mostly newspaper-cultivated); but has been for years on the decline, and is now only the shadow of its ancient self. Once there was a Public Opinion that was really the voice of the people, nearly unanimous on all matters of importance, and able to club, banish, burn, or otherwise annoy the contrary-minded. Now there is, properly speaking, no public opinion, no unanimous sentiment at all, but only a number of often differing opinions professed by separate sections of the public. The opinion called "public" by the newspapers is only the largest of these which has the happiness of finding newspaper expression; and there are plenty of others less intelligent and decent which offer a kind patronage and a comfortable refuge. Society has, in fact, long ceased to be unanimous on even the elements of morality. If the Hon. Thomas Picker, political or common thief, chances to incur the harsh censure of our public, he is none the less acquitted by his public of any fault save that of carelessness, which is one in that it narrows opportunity. Or if John B. Heartbreaker, who has crushed all rivals and squeezed the general public, thereby incur our "unfavorable comment," his special public notices only application of biological law to business; and when he has washed his hands and put them promisingly into his pockets, what Temple or University can have the heart to blame him? Since Public Opinion, so called, has lost the power of speedy punishment, being stopped by

legal opinion and civil power, its reputation has sadly dwindled, peaked, and pined. The safe-offender against it can find ample praise or solace in the opinion of his coterie or club or gang; and if the near faces are friendly, why fear a distant frown?

So, too, is it now with the upper private, or Celestial Opinion: that also has lost its power with its penalties. Time was when mankind found both Heaven and Hell believable, and many, scurrying from the fire's clutch, got headed on the heavenward ascent. But now most of mankind, having trampled out the nether flames or quite easily extinguished them with a few slight squirts of ethical theology, have no upward impetus. The House of Many Mansions never was very attractive, save perhaps by contrast with the fiery Prison-house since razed, and cannot now compare with numerous world's sweet inns much nearer by. And the Host as well as the House seems rather misty to most of us: his possible opinion, his face and hand withheld, is a smaller matter than the positive opinions that live in visible faces and act by palpable hands.

No, no, all-confident friends; Public Opinion is nowadays pretty much split up, and of itself well-nigh powerless. Its best hope lies in getting legal opinion and strength of the law behind it and putting some of its ancient vigor into the operation of those. In which undertaking all good-luck to it.

So much, then, for the practical aspect, the outward workings of Public Opinion morality. Too much, perhaps: at any rate not much remains. It is, of course, my wish, through a strange whim of mine, to speak a word of the inner workings or spiritual aspect of the matter, but that can't help being briefly spoken. It is on the whole well, I suppose, since we are social beings, and unavoidable, since we have been so long bred to it, that we should have a "decent regard for the opinion of mankind," especially in our immediate neighborhood. But to live for this, as many do in an unliveried lackeyhood,—what is more disgusting? To place one's happiness in other people's mouths, to taste it chiefly upon their report—that is eating ashen Dead Sea apples, surely. And to find one's wretchedness therein, that—to repeat the prandial metaphor—is feeding on the husks of which the swine do eat.

And so farewell to all this for a good long while.

7. DEMOCRACY

Such being the present writer's sentiments on the subject of Public Opinion, he can hardly be expected to admire its parent and sponsor, Democracy. But that depends upon the point of view. Democracy as a method of manning the ship of state is easily the best available. Impatient passengers may complain of the vessel's slow and winding progress and of the lagging crew,

largely given to rifling the freight, and sigh for a good old one-man guidance. But the thoughtful traveler realizes that masterful officers are rare and rather likely, if found, to prove reckless of the surrounding rocks and shoals, and that it is considerably better to have a slow sure lot, who will stick to charts and compass and who may always — blessed remembrance! — if the passengers will but agree, be put ashore at the next port. No, my fearful fellow passengers, it is not necessary to warn us specially, when an itinerant ex-captain takes private passage once more, that our ship must be steered according to principles, not persons. Perhaps the persons are more splendidly attractive; but the principles, being lifeless, are safer, and we know it. We will, since it is necessary, let principles regulate our governmental course, be glad if we can get something fairly good and human to apply them, and having thus safeguarded ourselves, look elsewhere for our joys.

Shall we find these in the social workings of Democracy? Not to the best of my observation and belief. Democracy has now been tried — at least in spots, if the petulant orators are allowed their say — sufficiently to show its meaning — its achievement and its aims. What, then, is the highest praise that laudatory orators heap upon it? The praise, usually, that it offers perfect freedom of opportunity, that it gives everyone a chance to develop his powers to their fullest, to live his own life as he rightly chooses. Of course

we know quite well, when released from the spell of enthusiastic oratory, that many a splendid and delightful path of choice is conspicuously placarded "No Thoroughfare for Poverty," or is hopelessly hard going for stupidity, or from excessive popularity is crammed almost to suffocation; but we are giving Democracy credit for the best it aims at, and this seems to be that best. A great deal it truly is, considering how, not so long ago, we were cabined, cribbed, bound down to the conditions of our birth, which only the strongest could break through, and how at present by way of school and shop and farm a hundred doors lead out into careers as numerous, and any one may hope some day to be president of something or reach any other more or less glorious goal.

But what, now, is the generic name of these great goals? Why, what a question! It is Success, of course, Success. And as the visiblest success is surely best, chiefly success in making money. After that the various professional and artistic successes, in proportion to their publicity and pay; and then — to be scientifically accurate — success in character-growing, in being something besides the visiblest possible, does receive occasional mention, though not from a united Democracy. It is for these others that Democracy saves its voice, but for them uplifts it freely. And if in addition to having succeeded, a man is modest enough to believe, or mock-modest enough to make-

believe that he is no better than any one else — which Democracy recites as public creed and privately disbelieves,— then a proud Democracy exclaims “How democratic!” and is thoroughly delighted.

Dare we intrude on such delight with the carping question of what this success does really amount to in the measure of private and public happiness, of joy the greatest and in widest commonalty spread? We shall, since we must; and Democracy, if not too disgusted for answer, will tell us somewhat stammeringly, for it seldom tests its standards, that this success measures up to the happiness of knowing that one is successful and that others know it.

Now this strikes us as curious, that Democracy should, as the first part of its recipe for happiness, practically repeat the recipe of arch-aristocrat Nietzsche, who diagnosed happiness as “the feeling that power increases.” But it ceases to strike us so if we reflect that both the Nietzschean and the democratic version are based on blind Evolutionary instinct born in all conditions of men; and we know from our deep study of Public Opinion that the second half of the democratic formula is only of later Evolutionary origin, and not at all surprising. However, I do not intend to investigate the validity of either version. I have already, if I remember rightly, weighed the worth of each and given no violently favorable judgment; but if the reader has forgotten, he need not

struggle to recall it. Let us grant, then, though a trifle hesitatingly, the great joys of this sort of success; and thereupon proceed to remark the inconsistency of Democracy in especially prizing them. For very evidently only the scantest handful do succeed in any such fashion as to feel and to reveal their power: is Democracy, then, straining its effort for these, trying to develop an aristocracy?

No, it would answer; whatever we may most admire, we aim to help all toward the happiness of their proper choice. Which proves generally to be some unsocial if not anti-social practice or the greatest possible variety of diversions. Play and selfish folly is a very large by-product of your processes, if not in fact the most considerable end of these. Yes, that is one trouble with your helpfulness: it is half-blind, and helps people toward it knows not what.

Perhaps, however, the finer democratic spirits would declare this helpfulness itself, and not the use made of it, Democracy's chief praise. Possibly; but what, again we are obliged to ask, does that in fact or feeling really amount to? In point of fact, to the giving by a few of large sums from larger superfluities in an impersonal and institutional sort of way, and of smaller sums by greater numbers, also impersonally and institutionally. The grand total of gifts, the mere bulk of our charitabilities and other benefactions through organizations, institutions, or restitu-

tions is something magnificent. But when we look for something more than size — for the giving, not of some part of one's fortune, but of some part of one's self — the findings are less satisfactory. The magnitude is admirable but not the magnanimity. Our helpfulness, however prompt and ample, is rarely a lasting and full effort: it is often only accidental — depending on newspaper reports or like appeal to the passing quiver of pity; or, if planned and permanent, is seldom more than incidental to a dozen dearer aims, and paid as the purchase from public opinion or private of leave whole-heartedly to spend elsewhere.

"Why, of course," replies Democracy, or would if it were listening; "you surely don't expect us to find any great happiness in helping people?" No, indeed; it would be strange if you did, seeing how you go about it. As things are, the benefaction business can hardly be expected to bless either him that gives or him that takes. It does not spring gladly from our hearts, being rather the spasmodic response provoked by a chance irritation of our pity or a hard, stiff schedule, operated "on principle" through hired helpers, with various small motives pushing it along; and, being apparently aimed out of pockets' fullness, not feelings', evidently at either stomachs or heads, it naturally doesn't find the way to hearts. What else, when all this helpfulness passes, usually, from stranger to stranger, too often through perfunctory hands, neither helped nor helper

knowing the other as more than a face or a name. In point of feeling, then, what possibility of anything better than a nugatory good-nature, with nothing deep, passionate, devoted anywhere about it?

In fact, this general good-nature seems the most striking social trait of modern Democracy. It is reflected in our spirit of fair play, in our tolerating of almost any opinion not put into unpleasant practice, and our welcoming of almost any amusing person into appropriate society. Our crowds are notably good-natured, and the nation too. Of course, business is business, and politics is also; but for what of life is left we wish our fellows well, and will often in our swift pursuit of happiness stop and aid them this side of discomfort. Nothing, as we say, is too good for our friends, and we do provide splendidly for their feeding and like entertainment, with very little intermixture of vanity. Except for those who want to share our property and talents because their own parents haven't properly supplied them with such, and of certain others who criticize us in acrid earnest and try variously to improve us, we are a very agreeable lot of people.

Spiritually, also, this same good-nature marks the triumph of Democracy, and — I fear I must remark — its failure. It is truly an achievement for a large part of society to have got up from a state of religious, social, political, and patriotic savagery to a level of general good-nature, and

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doubtless justifies the self-congratulation of the age. But it is to be remembered amid our jubilation that we haven't in the long run and from the loftiest viewpoint gained much, that we have only been regaining our lost ground. It is out of the pits into which we had slipped from our apehood with the coming of humanization that we have been climbing, not above the level of the ground. We have been brutal (but that is a libel on the brutes; let us rather say, savage), and now we are growing human, or let us say, ape-like once more. Why should we protest the comparison? Putting aside our intellectual and esthetic superiorities, and passing upon our spiritual capacity,—which I here take, or make to mean our power of love and devotion, we may find much flattering resemblance. Are not the apes too a good-natured lot and, barring unavoidable business competition, very willing to oblige? They will perform the most intimate personal services for one another, I believe, and according to Darwin, they are capable on real demand of almost human heroism—all but the medals and the advertising. Even more human seem to me their normal occupations,—their pleasant parties, grinning, affable club gatherings, and chatting coteries,—more human, and most democratic. Our manners have changed from theirs, often for the better; but our morals—we ourselves have made the distinction necessary—remain much the same.

Considered in its mechanism, Democracy is eas-

ily our most advanced attempt, and is making further efforts of promise; tested spiritually, it has a very long way yet to go, and isn't trying very hard to get along it,— is even in some cases conscientiously taking an entirely opposite and hopeless course.

8. BROTHERHOOD

“Well, what you want is evidently Brotherhood,” observes the reader, with a bored expression. Yes, reader, you are right, in both assumption and expression. For Brotherhood is about the best thing one can want; but so many have been wildly wanting or prettily preaching it that signs of tedium at another mention of it are natural and pardonable. Besides, there can be no good need for further bawling or canting about the fact of Brotherhood: since a century ago we have generally agreed — none denying but those in the lowest stages of neglected ignorance or the highest of cultivated idiocy — that there is a bond, derivable either from the same original soul-stuff or from the ancient dust of earth, a bond between all men. This bond we are generally willing enough to recognize — in the abstract; less so in concrete cases. We own the brotherhood, and disown the brother; and are sometimes conscious of the discrepancy and smitten with the sense of it,— “but really, this is a workaday world, you know,” with little time for feeling sentiment and less for putting it into practice. Or do not many

of us think the recognition, plus the negative practice of refraining from cutthroaterly or pock-etpicking,—perhaps plus the positive achievement of good-nature,—quite enough for any definition of fraternity? And not without a certain show of reason, seeing how few family brother-hoods amount to very much more:—why should universal?

In fact, if Brotherhood does signify more than smiling good-nature,—does stand for some degree of love and devotion, there seems little likelihood of our reaching it through any recognition of the fact alone. The fact of itself, whether working through one family or throughout the earth, will do only a limited amount of work without the feeling, and the feeling does not ordinarily spring from the fact. It springs most full from having felt a larger love, the finest property of parent-hood or mastership or any like relation, embracing all and aiming to foster love among them. But what a rarity both to feel such love and to find such fostering its chief care! Rare enough even in the family bond, where prevention of fraternal hostilities is usually held sufficient, and vastly rarer in the universal, where regulation of them is the furthestmost achievement. For here—in the universal relationship—what have we to inspire love and devotion? The memory of our affectionate forefather the Amoeba? Not that, I fear; and daily close association does it only for the naturally generous-hearted few. “If a man

love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love his Father in Heaven whom he hath not seen?" asked one with a natural gift of loving. But he was in that respect not only the best-talented of twelve but of twelve thousand; and by the remainder a father-love or its equivalent must be felt before a brother-love will follow. For universal brotherhood the best and only good hope lies in the sense of Heavenly fatherhood,— which is not exactly a new saying.

Is it also a good expectation? Alas! the answer here is new, or at least far more freely and widely rendered than of old. We shall not repeat the open expression or interpret the tacit conviction: we do not just now intend to theologize; only to recognize things as they are on earth, however they may be in heaven. And on earth the sense of heavenly fatherhood is not in fashion. "For a father," Zarathustra overhears the watchmen saying to each other, "he takes too little care of his children: human fathers do it better." Watchmen and others whose chief concern is with wages and such things — that is, most of human-kind — are making the same remark,— making it openly, to general approval, or silently, despite their contrary recitations, and practically, whatever they profess. "Hard common sense" is the intellectual virtue of the majority, and hard common sense demands the evident and material. Recently we were rejoicing at having got the superstitious fabric of religion down to a common-

sense basis of Fatherhood and Brotherhood, and now we notice common sense at work again, seeking a substantial and material foundation of the doctrine, and dissatisfied with its findings. No; it is not to common sense that we must look in this case; and the uncommon kind — is not common, or noticeably increasing.

Well, then, we have not any good expectation from this source? For the present, none. Yet not without hope do we stand and wait; or need not, with several hopeful props at hand. This watchmen's word is not the last word to be said upon the subject: we shall try to say a later and a better before we end our little book. But for some time this word will by the majority be taken as absolutely final; and meanwhile we must work with what we have available.

Before, however, we begin to plan any future operations, let us turn a look upon our operations to this point, and try to recollect from our rambling misty progress the few salient features that are really, the writer thinks, scattered somewhere along its course.

9. LOOKING BACKWARD

The long course that we have been skipping lightly over — it is one of fifteen hundred years — offers us not only several varieties of social architecture, but also a chance to notice the change of structure, gradual or sudden, to trace

the alteration of old to new, and to pass upon the relative fitness of each for purpose of the fullest living. Let us briefly embrace the opportunity of this breathing-pause to bring back into mind some characteristics of each type, and ignoring what we have gained, which has trumpeters a-plenty, see what we have lost in changing from the old to the new, and how we can regain some of the former strength for future social building.

We saw some time ago the most striking feature of that life of old, the institution of Companionship; and we found in the deep, pure, personal devotion of Companionship the truest and the finest thing that old life had to offer. Personal devotion: note it well. A generously loving devotion of lord tothane, and a gratefully loving devotion ofthane to lord. A social relation that comprehends a whole moral scheme; and that to us a truly remarkable morality. For it was lofty, and joyful, and successful: it was meant to work, and did so — even under difficulties. Notice also the personal character of all other of these ancient social measures. A man must be brave and loyal because society, careful of its welfare and as well of its ideals, had commanded bravery and loyalty. Men were responsible to men for specific human happiness; not to principles for abstract righteousness. They knew what they ought to do, never in that day doubted or mistook the oughtness of it; and did it — or paid penalties.

We saw also how the living heart of these

close personal relationships died gradually with their growing impersonality, the loving warmth of it left with nothing to feed upon but principles. We saw it saved from long-drawn-out death only by the sudden arrival of the Norman individualism, which had never within memory owned a heart, but was all belly,—bitter and full of abominations and bad appetites. We saw the dead body of Companionship shackled on mankind, and mankind struggling centuries to get free from the body of that death. And we saw another crew, the ecclesiastical, helping keep the shackles tight and binding on another body, the corpse of a celestial Companionship, which, fortunately, for the most part weighed less heavily.

We have seen society getting free or half-free from its feudal bondages, and straightway turning to diversion for its hopes of happiness. It has forgotten all about devotion: doesn't know the difference between that and slavery; wants above all to be "independent"—which is natural, considering its experience; and reviles whatever savors of dependence. Viewing with alarm this lavish spirit of freedom, the philosophers, powerless to curb it, for its guidance point to Principles, which they have provided with a better genealogy than they deserve, and hope will regain some of the lost allegiance. Other hopes—some worse, some better—have their voices, but this particular hope needs special notice; for it is the last

step of a "progress" that has long been going on.

Let us notice this long progress. It comprises our departure from the old ideal of loving personal devotion and our arrival, after difficult traveling, at the new ideal of reverence for these impersonal makeshifts — principles. For we must remember they are nothing more than makeshifts, — not a free, but a forced choice. Probably not even the philosophers would ever have hit upon this hierarchy of principles if a hierarchy of persons worthy of devotion had to their knowledge anywhere survived: surely they could never have foisted any such invention on their trustful listeners. But no personal relationships could possibly survive the ravages of feudalism and the following wild dash to get free; and so our philosophers, seeking some kind of much-needed moral "archy" or rule, hit upon this of principles as the ablest possibility. Thus they did, to the best of their taste and judgment — though to the disgust of the generality; and therefore, much as we might enjoy scolding them, we cannot be brought to do it. And of course we can't scold principles themselves any more than we may accuse the weather. They, like that, poor things, are not alive to receive our accusation, — have never lived, to deserve it: they are only poor, everlastingly lifeless things, and their rule only a makeshift of the moral imagination.

We have also — to take up again the recollections of our progress — had a chance to see how, with this moral makeshift reigning its utmost, things were still chaotic, very few finding anything lovable about these phantom principles, and few more anything terrible about them; and how in the end they could command only a small amount of “good will” and persuade a rather slight degree of “self-respect.” How, in fact, their chief effectiveness came through the helpful force of Public Opinion, and how this itself was not effective very far, and powerless outside its straitened sphere.

Notice, then, if it is necessary, that this progress from persons to principles ends in general disappointment and disgust. The majority neither love nor fear them, find them neither hot nor cold,— only lukewarm; and accordingly spew them out. The almost imperceptible minority, the moralists, who have cultivated the service of principles and sought to spread its growth, have been much more grievously disappointed. What else, we wonder, could have been expected, or even fanatically hoped? And yet some misguided men-of-principle are really surprised and sorely disappointed at the indifference of mankind; are so thoroughly misguided that they go on butting their good heads against the same bad job. It is sometimes almost pathetic to watch them at their occupation,— so persevering, and with never a suspicion that the fault is not with people but with

principles. A late estimable character, George William Curtis, spends a good part of his time in preaching an enlightened patriotism, which he somewhere speaks of as "devotion to a principle." What principle we need not inquire; for, needless to say, our publicist — I believe that is the name — did not noticeably increase the popular store of patriotism.

Patriotism — since we happen upon the subject — in its growth and changes presents a highly illustrative study of the very "progress" that we have been investigating. The modern feeling of patriotism, we may find, has a comparatively recent origin. In our Germanic beginnings there was no such thing as "love of country": love of lord was in those days the chief source of devotion, and for seven or eight centuries thereafter. Even when the ruler had grown nearly a stranger to the nation, his person was still held the only possible object of devotion, and his good-natured presence could gain loving devotees. We are told that modern Democracy was born on the field of Crécy,— perhaps also modern patriotism; but during their long minority monarchy had the day, and force of habit could breed strong devotion long after rulers were fit objects only for the feeblest brand of it. In fact, devotion was itself still felt as something joyful, and persons were thought absolutely needful for the enjoyment of it. So much so that when English patriotism did at length in the reign of Elizabeth reach its major-

ity and first fit its name, it was still less strong than loyal feeling for the Queen,— for the Elizabeth to whom England, if not — as to certain of her predecessors — a rich prey, was yet only an excellent milch cow, to be kept carefully for milking purposes. Yes, devotion could now feed on less than in the days of Hygelac, with whom “all good had its beginning”; could even find its own supplies. If royalty will only keep hands off, or at least not squeeze too hard, England will gratefully lick the royal hand, and see in the royal person the source and increase of its glories. Only when some fool king gives the game away and shows himself an unmistakable enemy of England, do patriots Pym and Hampden rise, and patriotism, deprived of its royal personages, turns to “love of country.”

What, then, is this love of country, and what does it amount to? It is several things; least of all, in practice and importance, what its name implies. Love of the land itself, its “rocks and rills,” its “woods and templed hills,” is chiefly the expression of poetasters. In normal persons it may sometimes amount to love of native scenery and a willingness to fight against “desecration” of it. But this feeling, celebrated though it be, does not strike the calm critic as almost “divine.” It is somewhat nearer canine: a dog grows fond of his surroundings, and will also fight for any bones that he has buried thereabouts. And the

feeling is, moreover, in its full intensity comparatively rare.

Another interpretation of the "country" takes it to represent the national glories,—past achievements and present institutions—number of battleships, for example. This also will be literally fought for on occasion and blatantly boasted of at all times. It is seldom felt as gratitude to the institutions or their founders: usually it is only a cheap pride,—nearly universal, for no nation is so poor in exploits or imagination as not to support it,—a universal vulgar vanity that loves and lauds its country as a personal possession, superior *ipso facto* to all other nations. This is probably the commonest and certainly the meanest type of patriotism. To be sure, when purged in the fire of warfare, it can burn with splendid devotion; but in time of peace it is one of our most disgusting phenomena,—not "divine" at all, but very decidedly canine. So might talking poodles speak of their respective masters, and permit no aspersions while their fangs held good.

Then, among the current types of patriotism there is that (of rather restricted currency) which has been defined by our late publicist friend as "devotion to a principle," or in other words, a fondness for those things—such as liberty, equality, and the like abstractions—which the nation is supposed to represent. It is the patriotism of the intellectual class, in so far as is any. It also

will fight, in the superior positions; but is chiefly found in the conversation of club-members, to which its activities are limited. No one not of that intellectual club-membership would momentarily imagine this an important type of patriotism, and yet among that membership it is regarded as the last development. It has been purged of personality; it does not unduly excite the emotions; it endangers no club-member's calm or feeling of perfect independence: it is ideally impersonal.

That is why I have taken all this time to arrive at, and then to notice it. It marks the last stage of our "progress" from persons to principles — therein I agree with the gentlemen. I differ only as regards the angle of that progress. They regard it as pointing up, up to a splendid altitude, — one must really tilt one's armchair to admire it; and I as leading down to a rather cheerless region, less suitable for human beings than for something submarine, with power of keeping its cold fishlike gaze fast fixed on principles. At its worst, however, this type is well-bred, and so incomparably better than patriotic blatancy.

But, aside from this same blatancy, what does our patriotism in time of peace amount to? Almost nothing. It tries generally, not to give the country anything, but to get something out of it. How otherwise? The country as such has no evident existence: to most it takes on entity only when a time of warfare strengthens their imagina-

tion to the point of power to personify it. As a gracious Mother, threatened by a villainous horde, the country does command devotion, till the protocols are signed. Then the stimulus loses strength, and certain of the lately devoted sons will unhesitatingly try to pick their parent's pocket of a tax or customs duty. Reformers will lament the fact and ascribe it to the failure of their fellow-citizens to personify the country. Right you are, reformers; that is the trouble: and how will you remedy it? By getting up a war to foster the splendid self-deception? Impracticable, I believe; but how else shall we excite devotion? People do demand persons, not principles, we perceive: see how they will chase and clap the itinerant politician, at present our best object of general devotion.

Patriotism? Since we are upon the subject, let us notice the one thoroughly sane type. It is not found anywhere along the line of this "progress" that we have just traced; it does not especially appeal to any of the patriots we have inspected. It considers simply the people of a country — not its templed hills, exploits, institutions, or principles — as the truly important part of it. It does not even find it necessary to regard these people as the choicest stock on earth or in any other way particularly meritorious. It regards them merely as its nearest neighbors in the human brotherhood, whom it may therefore the most easily serve. Somewhat simpler than the

other patriotisms and saner, is it not? Yet not perceptibly popular just now, and not likely soon to be. For many patriots it doesn't roar enough; for some it offers too little opportunity for self-deception; for others it implies more effort than is required in patriotism of the conversational type; and for all it means no more pleasing disparagement of other peoples: it is only that tiresome brotherhood business again, and nothing truly and splendidly "patriotic."

So much for this matter of patriotism and impersonalism. This is perhaps the most conspicuous instance of our "progress," but more results of it are readily discoverable. Our whole society seems a mass of the same impersonalism. We are far from each other even in the closest company, and dare not intrude upon each other's "privacy." Once men 'spake their full hearts each to other,' and there was a real bond between them. Now,

"in the sea of life enisl'd . . .
We mortal millions live alone,"

making signs and grimaces from our lonesome isolation; and between us washes the estranging sea of our self-centered and impersonalistic age. Do we ever feel a longing like despair to be once more parts of a single continent? If so, we stifle it as sentimental or impracticable, and fall back upon our independence and our principles.

Why are things so? Well, for half a dozen

reasons which we needn't consider, and for one which is worthy of remark. It is remarkable that with our "culture," which seems to mean the cultivation of our intellect, our strength of feeling is likely to grow less. Our feelings are to-day no weaker to begin with than they were ten centuries ago, and they are rather more refined. But in our vastly grown sophistication and self-consciousness we neglect them for things of the intellect, or we check them from the fear of cultivated criticism; and in either case come to the same result,—that the feelings so treated pine and languish from this lack of expression, dwindle with each act of repression, and in the end die utterly. Our man of mind avoids confessing the possession of a heart, and discourages the acknowledgment in others. He must not wear it on his sleeve for daws to peck at; and he hardly dares display it to his dearest friend: it would for both be dreadfully embarrassing.

And now, as we repress and repulse the bodily expression of feeling, just so we try to get along without any further personal manifestation of it, without open help or helpfulness of any sort. We are not by any means unwilling to be helpful; the best of us would doubtless rather help than be helped; but either to give or to receive directly in any large degree is so offensive, the former to a proper "reserve," the latter to a proper "self-respect," the chief virtue of all persons of principle, as to be positively painful. But if we can only put

all personality out of sight,— if the giver doesn't know or see the taker, nor the taker him who gives; if the one can cloak his generosity and the other hide his gratitude,— there is no unseemly show of feeling; no one's isolated independence is irreparably infringed; and no great damage has been done.

Do I perchance seem to exaggerate? Let us suppose an example, or rather superpose one on a slight foundation of fact. Who has not heard how dear wealthy Andrew, ever devising some good-natured scheme, recently planned a corporation which should pension off the superannuated of the professorial class; and how, at the news, marked symptoms of pleasure appeared all over the surface of professorial calm? But suppose the amiable benefactor had gone about things otherwise. Suppose he had proceeded in person to the personal office of the aged or rapidly aging professorial one, and there seated facing him, had in his most kindest manner spoken extemporaneously somewhat thus: “My very good and dear sir, you have grown old after twenty-five years spent in the loftiest intellectual pursuits, always with the highest regard for principle; but alas! a thing dreadful in these days,— you have not grown wealthy or even well-to-do. And I therefore, in token of my sympathy, and for other reasons unnecessary to mention, wish herewith to hand you this thirty or forty thousand dollars; or rather, to relieve you of all care in the matter,

I shall give you every year good interest on your money. My dear friend"—drawing a little closer—"I wish you joy of it."

Suppose this, if you please; and imagine, if you can, the momentary speechlessness of our professor, the stammering of his amazement, the flush of his shame, and finally the words — of indignation or of grief, according to his character — wherein are found the familiar phrases, "Appreciate your kind intentions"; "But not an object of charity"; "No self-respecting person could possibly —"; and the like. Perhaps, however, he might in time, by appropriate representations, be persuaded to accept something as merely due his merit.

Once it was not necessary to apologize to any one for helping him or even making him unmerited gifts. His self-respect received no wound, and his mad love of independence, being in some ways much tamer in those times, did not chafe or threaten to bite. He took all that he could get, gladly; was willing to be "under obligation" for it, to be bound by a strong sense of gratitude; repaid in proportion to his power; and did not feel degraded in proportion to the margin that remained. Now we, who would also like all we can get, are unwilling to take, for fear of being bound thereby, of not being able, by an equal return, to get free from obligation, and of losing, consequently, our feeling of independence, and our friend's and own respect. Once possessions were

a very small matter between friends,—no more than the Constitution among politicians: to give and to receive them gladly was the natural quality of friendship. Now we must be careful not to wound each other's delicate pride, which is especially tender on the matter of possessions. Not a very general condition, you object? No; but very prevalent among all most respectable persons, to whom, of course, I am exclusively speaking. I have heard that the poor and lowly despise impersonal, organized "philanthropy,"—probably for not the best of reasons; but I observe that the loftily respectable can't bear any other kind. The helping of them must be impersonalized and mechanized before it can become acceptable: it must have the human touch taken out of it; and therewith half its health and all its beauty.

For there is both health and beauty in an act of genuine giving,—nowhere more; and no less in receiving truly. The smallest act of alms may have both, if it be on the one side not the dripping of a too-full pocket or a sop to principle, but the expression of a heart which accompanies it, looking through the eyes in pity and love; and on the other, of a grateful heart likewise revealed, not at all of greedy cunning. It is beautiful, this meeting of two on the basis of their human brotherhood. For a moment their meaner aims are forgotten: the one forgets his pursuits and his principles; the other his hunger and need; not only their hands but their hearts touch, and kindle in a common

flame. Then back, each to his selfish business again, and the moment fades out of their memory. But while it lasted it was beautiful; and the healthful effect of it lasts longer.

More beautiful and healthful, when act and moment are enlarged beyond this giving for bread of flour, to be a giving of bread of life and of part or all of the giver's life besides. For so does every one give who gives his time, "the stuff that life is made of," to the helping of another along the way of life. To give one's life, not to "sell it dearly" by battle, flood, or field, but to give it freely and gladly; and not to throw it wildly away for a cause or a principle, but to lay it down gently and lovingly for one's fellows,—that has been generally esteemed of all actions the most beautiful, and may be surpassed only by the giving that is not soon over but lasts the length of life in daily service and devotion. Less beautiful than only this, the true and deep receiving of that gift—the recognition not alone of the service but of the gift of love that goes therewith, and the response of later wakened but not less strong love. This has been the bond of all most firmly banded fellowships of men,—of the best companionships, discipleships, and brotherhoods that have ever been. It is the most beautiful thing in all our general life, fair with no awful but with sweet and gracious beauty, and yet with a human grandeur before which that of abstract "causes" and principles hides its diminished head.

Yet for principles and causes — not to speak of other pursuits, diversions, and associations of the tinkling cymbal kind, “where no love is” — have we forgotten or put by these possibilities, with what success is plain to see, a sorry spectacle to thoughtful men. What shall we do about it? — That question is too big for this chapter or book to answer adequately, but in what brief space is left we shall try to name some means of remedy.

BOOK III
THE MESSAGE

1. HEART OF MAN

Social cure-alls, and remedial measures of less splendid promise, are, roughly speaking, of two kinds. There are those put up for external application only, with the guarantee that if rubbed vigorously over the body (politic) they will remove the most troublesome symptoms; and there are those intended to reach the source and seat of the disorder and, by changing the condition of things there, bring about a whole and lasting betterment. Of the two the former are more favored by society, because they are produced in much the greater numbers and seem to offer a simpler, speedier, and more tangible mode of treatment; whereas the latter find their way with few, since people are suspicious of attempts to meddle with their inwards, and have usually, in fact, to be treated without knowing it. Neither method may be called especially popular, for both are objectionable to a large number who, never having been truly well for any length of time, do not know they are sick, and to many others who are wedded, with joy or resignation, to their lot, and to more besides who are doubtful of all remedies. So that doctoring society, by either rubbing or dosing, is a rather difficult matter.

For it is a plain enough fact, though few practitioners appear to notice it, that all remedies, including those for external application only, must make internal application for leave or strength to be applied. Yes, you say, they must of course appeal to our reason first. Yes, and thereafter, if not before that, to our feeling. Our reason, forsooth,—what is that after all but only servant of our feelings, and fit only to serve? Look within you and watch how it works. You feel thus or so,—have love or hate or hope or fear; and does not your feeling, the blind impulse merely, bid your reason find out ways of satisfying it? And then poor colorless reason, which has hitherto lain sleepful, will get up and willingly obey—the good bidding or the bad,—a colorless and characterless thing indeed. Which, then, is the more of man,—his reason, which responds to any call, or his feelings, which make up his character?

Our feelings,—these are our fund of life, our largest heritage. A remarkable heritage, considering the distance that it has come down to us. From far behind our modern exploits and ephemerality, from that impenetrable prehistoric region where our ancestry becomes mankind in general have flowed down into us these feelings that compose our chiefest part. Nay, are not many of a vastly earlier birth, and traceable no doubt to various origins along the scale of protoplasmic growth? Likely enough our forefather the

Amoeba bequeathed us such emotions as a swimming stomach might — how much in us harks back to that incarnate Hunger, and is blind as that! — and every new development made its addition to the now fast-gathering throng. Called thus to life by natural necessity or social need, have they steadily developed and expanded with each step of our long painful progress, whereof possibly they are the deeper purpose, not yet come to public view. Here, however, may we see emotions in the making, — experience changing into impulse, and this growing, getting regulated into will. Here also rises the social practice and the stamp of popular approval, whose power has encouraged or checked certain feelings age by age, and even developed a feeling for itself, in some most powerful of all. Such, at any rate, is the chief heritage of humankind, a mighty estate for mortal to administer.

Yes, the only simple, sane, and truly economical method of dealing with these social cases is to apply our remedies directly to the source and seat of the ailment — to try to bring about an abiding “change of heart.”

Perhaps also a simpler method than it seems, if we know how to work it. If we know, that is to say, the nature of our stuff, which is the heart of man, and the means of summoning its fittest feelings and bidding them be rulers in that heart. Luckily for us this needful knowledge is not hard to gain: we may find its sources in our selves, or in

any other self that shows itself fully; or we may piece it together from the scattered gleanings of our experience. For there is common to mankind a large store of feeling, lodged "deep in the general heart of men." Men, of course, differ vastly in their practical display of feeling: there is a greater difference, the philosophers tell us, between one of themselves and an African savage than between the savage and an ape. But the difference is chiefly due to intellectual causes, and so far as feelings are concerned, is of degree rather than of kind. Even these poles of human culture, the philosopher and the savage, owe much of their most characteristic conduct to the self-same feelings. Is it not in each case a like feeling of curiosity that urges them, the one to surmount the flaming walls of the world and go voyaging the vast immense in mind and soul, and the other to evacuate his cave and investigate his surroundings? Or is not for our savage the triumphant snap of his twig trap upon its furred or feathered prey, and for our scientist the exultant click of his slot-machine-like intellect, as each new fact slides into class and section,—is not for each his pet operation productive of a common type of pleasure? Between saint and villain it is only a case of one's having specially developed one set of feelings and the other's having chosen another: both were much the same before their over-specialization began. And in the common course of life the existence of a common store of feeling, of this

“general heart of men” is always proving its reality.

But the trouble is, that for our purpose, which is to engage those feelings filled with greatest joy for the owner and the others, the common store contains much stuff — some bad, some worthless, and some of quite mistaken worth,— which nevertheless gets very largely engaged. The general heart is not all sound: the disease of Self is seated there, and produces many obviously morbid conditions; and with them many others — such as the fiery itch of success, the damp-rot of pleasure, and the dry-rot of righteousness — whose fatal character usually goes unrecognized,— often, in fact, is regarded as the highest state of health. Besides which, the sound remainder is so thickly covered and so tightly choked with the clothes and trappings of our present civilization that it seldom shows itself in full, free action, and we that watch its cumbered and spasmodic movements can but guess what lies beneath. That is why it is well for us in seeking to know human nature to ground our study in the humankind of some departed age, when feelings were simple, strong, and free. Then, rather than now, when they are complicated, impaired, or perverted by various processes of civilization, they truly show themselves; and there rather than here do we find them most informing. As an exhibition of the broad bases of human nature the Nibelungen Lied is probably better than *Vanity Fair*; Beowulf and the *Chronicle* than Ma-

caulay. And that is why we have begun this study of ours with a visit to the life of our forefathers,— where we have found, I trust, at least two powerful and lasting traits of human character which are not just now appreciated at their worth.

Each of which, however, shall hereinafter receive as token of our appreciation a chapter to itself. But first a few words which will try to point out certain sides of their importance.

2. IDEA OF DUTY

We have spoken of the plain unvarnished instructiveness of those old shameless times in respect of our deepest and most lasting make-up. It is, thus, in their power not merely to teach us much concerning many of our present practices — to show us the whence and how and what-for of their being done, or of their often failing to be,— but also to bring forward abler in the place of present feeble sort. Not to meddle overmuch with antiquarian matters, we may sometimes, for example, find the simplest piece of philological research, the hunting back of a single word, surprisingly illuminative, and in fact reformatory, of many a modern idea,— perhaps the most valuable of commentaries.

For nowadays when nearly all our words of doctrine carry a tradition, trailing clouds of past interpretation over the present view, so that our

understanding of them strays in general fog, it behooves us in our use of any doubtful word to ask neither what the seven or seventy sages mean thereby nor what we ourselves will make it mean, but first of all to find out what the mere word of itself does or once did mean, and take some measure of our meaning by its own. Thus we can at least discover how well the definitions foisted on it suit its innate sense, and set up a sure test of our random usages. And in this way, furthermore, we have always hope to find an inspiration pent up still within the root of our perhaps dead-seeming word. For words were once ideas, living thoughts indeed; and their inmost messages, if thoroughly dug out, may yet reveal some valuable novelties of ancient truth. So I have found in several instances, of which the following shall stand in justification of my philological remarks.

Duty is the word that I wish hastily to deal with,—a word of immense significance, one about which many volumes have been made, without much understanding of the word itself. Volumes indeed; for have we not had our “Whole Duty of Man”s and our extremely magnified fragments of the whole for application to particular times and places? And have we not also had denials of both whole and parts (not without mutual recrimination) until between our moralistic and our individualistic friends we can’t help finding it a very much befogged affair? Duty, proclaim the former, is whatever a man feels bound to do. It is

the unconditional command of conscience. Duty, reply the latter, is the voice of social tyranny, the bullying echo of ancient tribal custom, the sanctification of soul-crushing law. And so the verbal battle rages, with no apparent possibility of composition.

But is there not for both these moral-verbal combatants a broad ground of agreement, to which the word Duty itself will lead the way? I suppose, for example, that any decent person, however wildly individualistic, believes in paying his just debts, and I imagine this same is a tenet of most moralists. Well, then, we have thus much of agreement with regard to Duty, and the differences that remain do not much matter. This is the important part, and as to this we are in perfect agreement. A man should pay his just debts, surely.

"But," you begin, "we don't see what this has to do with Duty." No; there is the trouble, that while the whole race of philosophers has been plaguing us with their far-fetched definitions of Duty they have only darkened counsel with words, because they would not look into the native meaning, the origin and lineage of the word they wanted to define. For "Duty," if we are to use it as a truly descriptive, and not an arbitrarily wrested term, must mean something literally "due." Obviously, you will say. Yes! just so obviously — just so plainly on the public way — that in all our talk about the word this idea of it has been trod-

den down or kicked aside, and decently observed by tradedom mostly, in its daily use of bills and debt. Though truly our investigators usually state that Duty is some due to something else, they do not see or say the truth,—that Duty means a veritable debt, as real in its spiritual sense as any matter for a money payment; and conversely, that no valid duty can exist without such an indebtedness.

Thus much meaning have we got out of our philological interpretation of the word: a historical investigation of it would furnish plentiful examples of a consonant practice,—of a morality of Duty that chimed with this meaning. It were indeed a useful and a fascinating task to trace the growth of this idea of Duty from its first, material stage to those stages in the sphere of purest spirituality. We may imagine its first dim embodiment as debt by bargain, with a club to back the contract, and behold its next advance, when by dint of clubbing in all cases of recalcitrancy it has got confirmed, some generations later, into a habit of belief that debts should be discharged even if no clubbing were inevitable for the other faith. But here too is a club at hand, the race's self-protective instinct, shaped now into the weapon of a Public Opinion no less punishing than any olden sledge. And in time this will maintain the naturally following development of the idea of debt or duty, identical with the dictation of every good heart, as voluntary giving in return for voluntary

gift; and maintain, moreover — with full agreement, as before, of all human goodness then existent,— that if some feeling urge or be itself the gift, an appropriate feeling should be paid.

This, then, is our idea of Duty, or rather the idea which the word itself would indicate to any one who chanced to notice it. Few, however, have hitherto taken their opportunity, even of those who are most given to persuasive or to combative talk about it and about. Yet they might do worse than notice it: they might, for example, keep on at their present task of dinning stale tradition into deaf ears and of knocking at hearts absent on more taking business. Or they might do better still, by staying altogether away from definitions and folio dust until the chamber-blindness had fallen from their eyes and they could look at the doings and into the feelings of men. Heaven knows, it is high time that they, that we all did so! The old Duty, that hardly ever got itself done for its own sake, but for abler reasons, bullying or coaxing, has now lost the greater part of its collateral strength and is sorely lacking in any of its own. Nay, even those who were once servants of Duty, faithful if not joyful, now find themselves emancipated through the march of Evolution, which takes from most of so-called Duty the least remainder of its unconditional command.

Wherefore several of us are wondering what it has left, this Evolutionary truth destructive of so

much. Nothing, answer some, and are joyfully agitated. Something, I demur: this whole scheme of literal Duty utterly unchanged, or even strengthened somewhat, as would seem. It has indeed destroyed the solemn state of various gray Moralities (or customs), masquerading as ambassadors of the Most High, and so claiming our allegiance; but this simply powerful plan, which has genuinely "evolved" in fashion after its own heart, it has not come near. And so our champion, spared hitherto, now takes the idle field in a new warfare, hereby able to make almost his own terms, we trust.

Able, also, to gain higher triumphs. For in this theoretic warfare the spectatorial applause is after all the most important prize. The general heart of man is by no means negligible in our combats, being that for which, as some believe, the whole performance has been planned. This, and not the philosophic brain, box-seated and aloof, shall judge the prize. Thus far it has unfortunately taken altogether too much teaching from those boxed-up brains, not trusting half enough the deeper thoughts of its own feeling. It has tried, the philosophic species crying "Tinge morality with emotion," to feel enthusiasm for the exploits of that cold, dim-armored Moral Law against warm-glowing Human Error; but with slight success. Poor Moral Law, dim ineffectual phantom, has got many a buffet from lusty Human Error, with only laughter for sad sympathy

— with small admiration even in its triumphs. But now, that dismal phantom having amid little lamentation — that chiefly of low philosophic wail soon quieted — made forevermore its exit, enter a reality which, having been nursed up by all humanity, will make the hopefulest appeal to human feeling, of which it is itself a part.

3. THE GRATEFUL

The feeling, in a word, is Gratitude: not the gratitude of giving thanks or paying compliments for petty favors, or of jumping to get free of "obligation"; but the feeling awakened deep within the common heart of creatures by a penetrating force of Love, proclaimed thereto by its accompaniment of deeds or felt in any way whatever. It is the merely natural response of merely normal human nature to a "categorical imperative" if ever one was spoken, to the unconditional command of Duty if ever such existed. Do you ask, dear sirs of Philosophdom, why we owe the payment of a voluntary love with love? It is no idle question, this of why. For doubtless we do not in legal ethics "owe" even though we have taken the love or its effects, unless we have promised payment in some pen-made manifesto, with attorney-witnessing as well; and might even then obtain discharge from indebtedness on the ground of inability to force our feelings. But for us at present the sufficing fact is that the hopeful part

of humankind, if they have felt such love, do take and do repay it not less scrupulously, perhaps more so, than a money debt or righteous "duty," and far more freely, gladly, lovingly.

And why, then, are we grateful? Why also are we warm? Because we feel so; not because we think we ought to be. And why do we feel so? Because such feeling is the sowing of the race in us — a growth of ages, not to be uprooted or ever wholly overgrown. Strange indeed if we could fail to feel so, seeing how far such a situation — that of love for real or imagined love — underlies, informs all finer life of family and state. Clearly enough in case of family, I trust, and not less surely, history has shown, in that of state as well. Why, this much beprated "love of country" — even when, as usually, it takes the form of a cheap "patriotic pride" and blatant boastfulness — what is it but the outgrowth of a grateful love first given by the thane or follower to chief or overlord whose love went with his treasure-giving; thence in time transferred to king, who sometimes loved, and always was by courtesy supposed to love his people; and at length, with the decay of loving sovereignty even as a fiction, given through process of personification to the land itself, its scenery, natural resources, customs, and traditions fallibly but often valuably imaged as a mother's faithful fostering? Such feelings have so swelled within us the latent founts of loving thankfulness that now it springs whenever love has come to

waken it, and meanwhile waits and hopes for wakening.

See how, furthermore, it has in reputation also found its way into the hearts of men,—not in the dull guise of duty, which would have disgusted many, but in the beauty of its simple and spontaneous self. Gratitude — I doubt if ever in any moderately decent human society the feeling was remarked with mirth or scorn, was not welcomed as something truly fine and worthy of reverence. The “good” are usually painful, the “bad” sometimes delightful; but not in respect of this. Gratitude covers a great deal of such goodness and such badness; and the lack of it nothing can cover. For is not ingratitude, as “moral Mas-singer” remarks,

. . . “the sin of sins,
In which all sins are comprehended”?

There is hope for the frenzied murderer; none for the hardened ingrate: for the murderer much may be done; for the ingrate only one thing, and the sooner the better. Why, the very individualists and immoralists — some of them, at least — believe the doctrine of gratitude. Says Nietzsche, “There is nothing in a man of genius more disgusting than ingratitude.” And again, “The soul that is loved and does not love betrays its sediment; its dregs come up.” To gather straightforward glorification were adding endless praise to praise. Or, to pass from praise to prac-

tice, hear reported in a current paper the case of a poor negro kept nine months in jail for non-payment of a poll-tax. Then several impulsive citizens subscribe the sum of the tax, four dollars odd, and get him out. Whereupon, so says our paper, his gratitude is touching — is unbounded, his sole wish being to repay these same philanthropists. The wish was not, I guess, desire to get rid of "obligation," to "preserve his self-respect": such loftiness is not for niggers but philosophers. It was, I take it, the fine flowering of a grateful love, grown up within a heart not accidentally hardened nor carefully fortified against the penetration of affection, or even of perfunctory and cunctatory counterfeits thereof, and requiring very little watering withal. Or run the social scale to where the haughtiest of poets says in his "Purgatory":

"I beheld one toward me moving
With a look of so great love
As made me toward him like-loving" . . .

The feeling, then, is rooted in all sorts of human soil — an element of our nature. There among all manner of rocks, sands, muck, slime, which are also elements, it grows, and is often hidden by the abounding weeds, but will spring forth in response wherever love can penetrate, or anything that looks like it.

"But what of the impenetrable?" Well, how have we established their impenetrability,—by

the small impersonal proddings and other dutified efforts of makeshift morality, which cannot in nature reach the deep-set springs? For the springs of gratitude are somewhere within us, having gathered drop by drop, age after age, and despite all latterly accumulated hindrances are able at the true touch to burst forth again. Our present-day ineptitudes do, Heaven knows, hinder them enough, stopping up the access and passage to them or warping their responsive impulse and swallowing its outward flow,—but whose blame is that, or what argument against the doctrine? We are not yet to learn the meanness in our common make-up; we may even assume the baseness absolute of a very considerable number of our brotherhood and berate them in the abstract quite becomingly: but unless we are ready to damn the bulk of mankind, we must expect in men this capability of feeling gratitude; we must, furthermore, look to it as humanity's most general trait of good,—above all others indispensable. It is our first hope and our last, our readiest fuel and our last lingering possibility of a spark.

There may indeed be those impenetrable by any force of love whatever, but that is not the only lamentable thing. It is rather that there are those, a multitude, who stand in wistful waiting, longing with the hunger of generations for that touch of human love which they would answer with their whole hearts; and have yet no cure for their craving—neither the narcotic of diversion to

deaden it nor the strength of voluntary devotion to transform and glorify. They that hunger and thirst for generosity, not greedily but with the soul's desire, wistful flocks waiting for some kind shepherd,—when shall they be fed?

And well for him who has found such a one to feed his yearning! For him life, howsoever hard its terms, takes on a fairer meaning. It is no longer mere grim struggle, unending dullness, or dispirited play: the world, whether previously spiked trap or plush upholstery, changes now for him to a far better field of labor, of effort with a living object and a loving aim. Well indeed for him who has found these! Having found a friend to love and a work for his love to strive in, he may now forget the madding struggle and turn his back upon the frantic chase; for both life and happiness are his,—nay, blessedness, and something of holiness, the highest name.

4. THE GENEROUS

But for this one further thing is needful,—that there be those toward whom men may feel this gratitude, that some by loving gift or service shall have earned this grateful love. As gratitude is the general virtue of humanity, springing up not only in pure, fertile natures but in any ordinarily decent human soil, though requiring to be quickened withal,—so generosity is the special virtue, possessing a diviner quality, that, like sun or

shower, descending on this fallow ground, can quicken it to flowering glory. Both in their best are much similar forms of the same feeling,—visible devotions of that love which is one kind through all degrees and, whether it rock the cradle or, as some say, move the sun and other stars, is perfect in proportion to its fulness of devotion. And as love is the all-inclusive virtue, so these activities of it — generosity and gratitude, the quickening and the quickened — are no less inclusive, a complete moral system.

As a moral system this has, we may mention, marked advantages over certain others of that name. It does not depend for operation on half-hearted feelings chiefly painful — fear or its reverential derivatives: it is itself the impulsive feeling, joyful and its own sufficient reward. It has also, we must mention, some disadvantages in common with its kind, and with whatever has to deal with variable human nature: it depends partly, as most other schemes do mainly, on a doubtful factor, one not always surely found or safely depended upon. For whereas we may reasonably look to find in everyone a certain strength of gratitude, may in fact demand it in the name of duty and decency,—we may neither look nor call for any large generosity, nor hope to find it fairly common. It is not in normal human nature to be largely generous: that is the godlike attitude — the divine nature, as we guess at it: for average humanity a

good, lasting power of gratitude is all that may with wisdom be expected.

Nor is it within my expectation or most ambitious hope, by means of this or any other book or word whatever, noticeably to increase the number of the generous. That does not happen in the twinkling of an eye or turning of a page: it comes, when not by lucky chance of birth, only by long care and tending, or perhaps transference of a re-directed, usually religious, gratitude. But the present number of generous, though comparatively small, is absolutely considerable,—numerous enough, at any rate, to be addressed with hope of an occasional hearing; and it is for this group, then, that these utterances are intended.

What is there to say to these? Nothing as to their private quality; but something as to their generally obtaining public practice,—which is not at all, in my opinion, the ablest and best possible, but proceeds with dubious aims or makes for mis-regarded or mistaken ends. An instance? Well, the common instances are needless to enumerate: notice rather the exceptional practice that should be the rule. For if there is anything of truth or worth in all that I have thus extendedly been saying, the chief aim of generosity should be the stimulation of gratitude,—the conscious begetting, cherishing, and cultivating of it to its highest health, strength, and achievement. Now that is not the usual aim of generosity: the most generous

usually have it least of all in mind. And yet what better aim might be,—what truer magnanimity than to give the means of loving gratefully — a joy greater than all other given joys, and of giving in return devotion? With commendable modesty the generous keep themselves in the background of their giving, their devotion, and show themselves but half and briefly, craving some, but fearing too much interchange of feeling. With more commendable boldness might they stand forth to claim, not for their own but for the giver's sake, the fullest of devotion. Were not that possible without suspicion of pride or conviction of vanity? That is not, I think, the danger that deters our generous: it is not so much magnanimous modesty as it is pusillanimous impersonalism that fears, while it craves, the personal approach, the human touch in anything, and makes a virtue of its vain perversity.

Thus it goes, and the generous of the age might almost seem in league against its greater joy. They will give freely of their goods, their strength, their lives and selves, to furnish opportunities for public play, to preach the trivial virtues and the petty impersonalities of moralism, or otherwise labor blindly in "the general good": and will shrink the while from reaching forth one finger of themselves to touch those inner springs of personal love, of that single joy through which alone the general is found and fed. How we have changed! how utterly forgotten the old life of hall and field,

— the childlike generosity and gratitude, the shoulder-comradeship in arms, the ever-ready life-surrender! Forgotten, too, the feeble struggles, when all this had gone, of what little righteousness was left, against the raging lusts of men. But though we have forgotten this shelved and faded history, how can we shut eye to the daily evidences of our need, the need of something more than makeshift moralism as the connection between men,— the need of some bond that shall be both strong and full of joy, human and made for men? The world demands it; begs for such a bond. How can we mistake men's craving for it, testified perchance in their complaint that such a one (politician probably, as best shepherd of the people in these days) is too distant, cold, impersonal; or their praise of him for the main merit of some aimless generosity that showed his human heart?

Yes, the world does genuinely long to love, and craves a living, visible object of grateful devotion; but at the same time — and here's the rub — forbids anyone to aim at its affections and demands that he be only incidentally lovable. And thus, too, the generous natures that would gladly show the love within them feel and shrink from the bleak barriers of their age's frigid life and thought. Their warm, impulsive hearts spring forth to close the gap between themselves and others and become once more "parts of a single continent," but with the first move feel the forbidding flow of icy cus-

tom, recognize their severance, and resign themselves to crowded isolation and faint signalings from shore to shore.

But must their bounds be endless? Is it not both possible and devoutly to be undertaken — this vitalizing of the unlive ties of life? And the opportunity that especially offers is through the stimulation and direction of gratitude. If there be those who by loving generously may with love's bold modesty demand the due response of gratitude, were it not advisable they did so — both for the debtor's sake and for sake of those to whom they might direct the practical payment? See how with all our feigned indifference and fostered neglect these sleeping possibilities have now and again waked into very active realities,— have given the gratitude and devotion that we did not ask or want, and wondered what to do with, in considerable embarrassment.

What to do with such devotion — that were indeed a question,— not to be answered now but briefly pondered in its full significance. Think what this does truly mean by the mere fact of its being askable: that men may be not only gladdened through their gratitude but also governed and guided through their love — helped by their own help, and brought to multiply the broader aims innumerably. Aims themselves — good, bad, and mixed — are, Heaven knows, numerous enough: they push upon us from all quarters; and men are familiar with them to the point of con-

tempt,—without ever a thought of following, because they do not touch the deeper springs, and failing this, only tease the surface feelings into scorn. But here we have the motive ready to our aims; able to be guided, and eager to follow the guidance. Surely this is something — a consummation opening into still more splendid opportunity: the opportunity of founding fairer Companionships than those of old; of disposing the Companion's powers not within the outer fringes of our glory, but abroad; and of building a better feudal order than the olden, to embrace a blessedder mankind.

Feudalism is nowadays, I understand, a dreadful word, the merest mention of it making modern ears to tingle and teeth to gnash in anguished imagination. Not without cause, considering that olden feudalism of irresponsible power, and the fiendishness that followed; whence it has seemed well to most of us that the whole execrable business should have been swept utterly away. And justly seemed so, as regards its fiefs and serfdoms, its possibilities for ill; but unjustly and deplorably, as regards its power for good. And now that we have come out of the first fit of our Democratic ecstasy and found things not so fine as we expected, perhaps we may be better able to appreciate these other possibilities and hopes. For behind this ancient land- and body-holding that we have now more or less got rid of, was a genuine strength-having founded in the na-

ture of things, a possession of personal power which lasts always, and will not without a cataclysm in human character be forbidden its full scope and play. And there exists no less than this an instinctive necessary turning of the weaker toward the stronger for all kinds of help and guidance, though chiefly material, which is also a great spiritual opportunity. Democracy is now realizing with dismayed surprise that declarations of equality cannot change the fact of natural inequality and the dependence, whether for wages or for wisdom, of the many on the few; but it has thus far generally refused to recognize the opportunities that lie in this and the possibilities that sleep therein. It is trying — and quite rightly, all considered — to reduce all kinds of material dependence to a minimum; but then goes on to make the least of any spiritual dependence that is likely to be left, and never dreams that it might better be attempting even now to make the most of it. Spiritual dependence, together with most things spiritual, it thinks little about, but having based its ideal helpfulness upon the animal good-nature of men, it would doubtless glare on any who found in its spiritual inequalities its greatest possibilities and highest hopes.

Feudalism of some material sort may be counted on as the accompaniment of any reasonably imaginable progress. Masters there must always be, and those beneath them; no wildest dream of any modern "ism" expects to do away with that.

Feudalism of a certain spiritual sort will also last as long as it is possible for any to confer benefits upon any who can feel themselves thereby put "under obligation." The highest form of feudalism, where the one loves generously and the other gratefully,—well, that is somewhat rare; but to establish it more broadly—were not that an undertaking worthier than some which now engage the generous?

Generous—the word had once a larger meaning than we give to it. Among the Romans it meant literally, "full of breeding"—well-born, and by nature noble in ambition; whereas we have limited the term to mean "free in the giving of good things." Would that both uses might combine to make a better than either: that our ambitious young men might be brought to feel the nobility of but one kind of ambition; and our liberal to recognize a larger liberality than the monetary—the giving also of selves and lives! Ambition, the desire of power, and liberality in the spending of such power—that were a combination which would swell the number of the truly generous.

Thereby, indeed, the number of the generous might be considerably swelled,—if but some few of the ambitious would believe our word. They are not innumerable, nor ungenerous—though their ambitions are not usually counted among the generousities. They give freely of their strength, their life; often give it wholly to some

cherished aim or chosen service: witness the many commercial, scientific, artistic, and professional devotions that thrive or strive among us. Though the majority recites and in so far as possible practises the creed of play, there is a growing number that from nobler bent or disappointment of insipid experience believes and lives a better creed. Activity of some kind all men crave,—most merely to throw away their excess strength, but some to throw it into well-aimed effort and change it into lasting forms. These active, that aim to do or make some durable thing, are those that avail; and they are not innumerable.

But what of their activities: are the things they do and make most certainly the best and ablest possible; or are better waiting to be made and done? Public Opinion, arbiter of activities, here saith no helpful word; speaketh emphatically in favor of any useful activities, and mildly in disfavor of the useless,—but no more. If a young man, tired of play, turns, chiefly for the sake of something else to do, to the making of money, or of other articles, such as bronzes, marbles, books, or paintings; to service of the state (through politics, of course); to doctoring or defending humankind; and does all only for the sake of having something to do,—that will be generally understood and more or less admired: and if all for the sake of humankind, that will be more admirable, to some,—though to most less understandable. But if any one should undertake for the same

reason to win the love of men, to bind them to himself and bend them to his will,—what would Public Opinion think of that? That, I fear, would be at first thought quite beyond it—utterly outside its late experience. Now if he were after votes, it would be different.

Once, however, this way of life—the giving and the gaining of love and service—was universally understandable, and even demanded by a Public Opinion able to demand. The ancient overlord might not mistake his work, was everywhere apprized of public expectation, and did not disappoint it. A cunning, greedy expectation, some assert, wherein the giver's gain is also very evident. Possibly, in its beginnings—most men are greedy to begin with; but in its outcome often wholly beautiful. For both master and man before long felt the strength of an unselfish bond; felt the perfect fitness of such giving and seeking of human love. Wealth of things—what was that to wealth of hearts. This our rude old warrior-lords and thanes had found by long experience to be the wisest wisdom,—that a man's wealth is in what he loves and serves, and is loved and served by; and not in anything else whatever. This the bards and prophets both before and after these exemplars have proclaimed and repeated as their utmost, ultimate message to all times; but this our modern time, brought up on Evolutionary prophesying, which says little of these things, considers probably a humbug and certainly a

bore: and our generous, ambitious youth hardly hear of such a service, but have very different ideals held up for their copying.

Ideals very different indeed from this and apparently from each other, but with the similarity among themselves of being based on the same formula, the Evolutionary creed — long since become a precious piece of cant — of developing one's powers, tending one's innate endowment of whatever sort, in the calm assumption that the practice is the best possible for any one in any possible world-scheme. Some good there may be in such calmly confident tending; more at any rate than in reckless squandering abroad: and it may somehow fit somewhere, and deserve some thanks, though small. But can you confidently think, O talented young creature of whatever kind, that petting your particular toy aptitude for this or that artistic or scientific fooling or performance will necessarily adapt itself to the dearest interests of — anything? Do you think that in the present state of things your little feat is ever so slightly needful? No man is indispensable, I hear with doubt; but with no doubt will say that most of all dispensable is the doing over of what has been adequately done. And done to utmost adequacy, surely, is the random self-developing and self-expressing that floods the archives of mankind and fills the present view. It has produced masterpieces, of course, authenticated by the "leading critics" everywhere as pinnacles of

human effort and eternal monuments of the immortal mind; but now the question comes of whether it has not done quite enough of even this for any real purposes. And if enough of masterpieces, what, oh, Heavens! shall we say of our vast stretch of petty self-developments and self-expressions and of the species that persist therein? What a sordid stretch it is,—much diversified, no doubt, with manifold dilettantisms shamelessly parading themselves as praiseworthy stunts and shows;—but sparsely populated. Heaven knows, by any generously useful persons, givers to the common good!

More masterpieces, sham or real, or more true masterships,—which, then, is the more needful? Are we living scattered through a universe where

—“each in his separate star
Shall work at the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are”?

Not quite, we are obliged to say; but crowded into one world full of work far other, long waiting to be done. And we shall do it never by laboring at impersonal makeshifts or masterpieces, or making part of the intelligent patronage that murmurs soft applause; but, if ever, by observing the requirements of fit workmanship in our necessitous surroundings, and them fulfilling faithfully, or even only properly directing our applause. They are the requirements of men, whose mortal need is not of various achievements, exploits, and accom-

plishments, of master-workings and of masterpieces, but of masterships, of personal love and patient, loving guidance.

And these masterships — shall not they too produce their masterpieces, better than all others by as much as men are more than things? “Ben Jonson his masterpiece,” said the poet of his little son; and rightly as regards the product, though the credit was with Nature rather than with Ben. But what of him who builds above this bodily soil; who, having based his building on the natural rock of loving gratitude, shapes with finest craft the rough, rude blocks of character into the temple of a spirit sweet and strong; of a soul which shall itself go forth and work likewise with many? That, I take it, is the loftiest effort of creation, the finest product possible to man — beyond comparison with all other masterpieces whatsoever.

O my advanced friends that with right violent Evolutionary craving hunger and thirst for strength and mastery, here may you have your utmost will. Here is stuff to test your strength, and greatness it — human material to command that shall move not only in command but evermore in love. The feeling of power I have heard praised as man’s nearest possible approach to godlikeness, but I can conceive a better way of drawing near. Power, though good to feel, is of itself bleak and lonesome after all: with love governing and guiding it, is heaven. For heaven lives wherever love sends forth its full strength,

howsoever weak, unto howsoever slight a victory. Have we not found that the love which some say moves the sun and other stars and that which moves only the cradle or the armchair as its utmost are of equal joy and like divinity?

O my advanced violent friends, will you play the god in paltriness of power? — Foolishest of Evolution's apes! Will you not be strong in generosity, and godlike in the giving of your lives and love?

These last by way of peroration only,— not, of course, in expectation of hereby perceptibly increasing the number of the generous. Eventually we shall try to see if that in any way be possible, but just now I had rather suggest some of the ways wherein our present store of generosity might work with practice patterned on the olden.

5. INDUSTRIAL-DOMESTIC

If we seek amid these modern circumstances to reproduce the spirit of a departed Companionship, where shall we look for the material environment most fitted to develop it? What present fellowship of men has closest correspondence with that former one?

It is the group of workers of whatever kind that looks to some masterworker for work and wages. This bond is our best modern substitute for the old predatory Companionship — the thing nearest it in external structure and perhaps in

practical operation, but intrinsically not much resembling it. For these latter-day associations, leagues, alliances, or other bindings together for strictly business purposes are not, I take it, generally marked by mutual affection. Few of our latest overlords in either the up-to-date employer class or any other superintending or guiding office are chiefly desirous of being surrounded by picked companions of the employee type and find their greatest delight in tending to the joys or the necessities of these, or suffer an unselfish sorrow when death or a rival house has reft any of them away. Nor do the hired comrades often volunteer devotion or hold it "lifelong infamy" to shirk in the daily struggle, or even wish to clasp the employer's hand — as equivalent of the ancient knees — with any sort of genuine, heartfelt affection.

"But things have changed, and both members of the bond may now find devotion enough elsewhere."

Well, whether or not they do indeed find devotion elsewhere or anywhere, they should find it everywhere; for it is the very stuff of life, the soul of living. Life, we saw, is lived through feeling, thrives or fades within us, not upon the surface of ourselves. It is not a matter of visible and tangible combinations merely — something held together with tough hooks and clasps; it is the fluent spirit beneath all these forms, that makes them to live according to its own strength and

keeps us alive after its kind and its degree. So much joy, which is the love of something, so much life; and of this sort of life we are not threatened with an excess.

But what opportunities of living we habitually let pass, or rather spurn away from us unknown! Chief among them, perhaps, this of the industrial life, the world of work and workers, where men must stand by one another outwardly at least, and might stand together through and through with an immeasurably better quality of success. This opportunity we plod past or dash aside, doggedly or recklessly indifferent for the time being to anything but getting the work done — perhaps taking, it is true, a certain grim joy in the element of struggle, but more probably looking to the breaks in it for our short intervals of delight. And thus the greater part of life is given over to loss in its neglect of joy, the only justifiable object of life, the final aim of all its doing.

Now is not this a matter for melancholy amazement, this reckless spurning and trampling of our peace and happiness? What an opportunity, we must repeat: men leagued in a common work; not temporarily met to "converse and waste the time together," but to work with common aims together day by day; to do something worth the doing, and filled with perfect possibilities of helpfulness and fellowship. Work alone is much, pacific and tonic to the spirit, but not all, nor enough for more than very few; and for most it is

to some degree mere drudgery. But work, if mixed with fellowship, is largely lightened; and if fired with love, wrought in devotion, is wholly changed — purged of its soil, robbed of its labor, lent living strength,—mightily transformed and glorified.

The thing can be done and has been; but not without a beginning: it will not spring from mere proximity or community of effort; it must be begun by either party to the association, and grow thereafter by return and interchange of services. But he who is best able to be generous is of course the master, with numerous ways of showing good will at command, and plentiful opportunities. And is it not possible that there should come to be a set of masters who would take their mastership in greater or less degree as just such an opportunity to be generous; who, after furnishing their families with an adequate number of dwellings and automobiles, might consider furnishing their workers with certain no less necessary things; and who, having got them bodily comfortable, might next begin, through greater and more intimate generousities of personal care and interest, to gain their deeper gratitude and true devotion, and thereby lead them into broader aims and a like generosity? That, it seems to me, would be the making of considerably more valuable articles than are turned out in most manufactories,—yes, and in most studies, studios, or other places where “creative artists” occupy themselves.

Palpitating forms of Shakespeare; solemn-breathing marbles of Michael Angelo:—give us a factory full of men for our creative purposes.

A simpler kind of creation this than the artistic, one would think; and no less gratifying to the worker therein: yet not commonly practised, I believe, by any sort of master-workers.

Occasionally, though, it does get tried. One Samuel Jones of Toledo, inventor and manufacturer of some kind of tool (name by me forgotten), believes in the brotherhood of man, and really attempts to put his belief into practice. This almost unaccountable conduct can be accounted for only from the fact that he was, to begin with, a rather ignorant man, unschooled in classical or commercial study; that he read the Bible for himself instead of resting through pulpitical expositions; and that, according to some, the womanly element was large in him. At any rate, he does attempt to practise his peculiar theories: establishes his business on a profit-sharing basis; encourages economy and decency among his men; even encourages singing among them and builds up a choral society and a band; and writes them from time to time a number of letters, now obtainable under the title, "Letters of Labor and Love,"—put together in simple brotherly fashion; not burdened with conscious theorizing, as some more ambitious things are; and very readable—even, from their unique quality, valuable, as some other things, I fear, are not. For reward

he gets dubbed "Golden Rule Jones" by the appreciative public, and is much contemned by his own class as a subverter of business and political principles. It is also to be mentioned that his friends the workers love him greatly, make and keep him mayor, and follow him in death singing the songs he has shaped them, "with a very storm of melodious adoring admiration and sun-dyed showers of tears." Which some will believe a better tribute than eulogies, obituaries, mausoleums, epitaphs, volumes of memorial verses, and critical comment to the end of time.

But it is not to be expected that our modern tradesman, merchant prince, or captain of industry will unimpelled develop, consciously or unconsciously, any such ideal as that of the old Companionship. The purely generous impulse is here as elsewhere largely lacking, and the social compulsion, in so far as in such things it gets beyond mere selfish care against inconvenience, is directed mainly toward material ends of hours, wages, and the like impersonal makeshifts, and never dreams of more embracing aims and better goals more easily attainable. And neither, of course, does modern business, which is not blessed with the divine spirit of meditation, dream in any such direction. How should it when its time and interest are taken up with modern competitive warfare. Abstinence from piracy is the most that may be expected.

So, too, with the matter of domestic service,

which, I understand, is a problem quite as troublesome in its own small way as labor questions of a bigger magnitude. For here too the problem seems on either side the same,—how to get as much, while giving as little, as possible; and the contracting parties keep up their familiar strife or menacing front of peace, in which concession is the sign of fear. Yet here too what an opportunity,—an opportunity for the lady in the contract to live up to all the gracious implications of her title;—yes, to be more than even that implies, and instead of considering her poor helper as a necessary evil—to be tolerated, placated, or resisted, as need arises—to consider herself the real helper, the harbinger and in some sort the bringer of a heavenly favor and beauty to those whose lives are all-too earthly; to be the best embodiment of animate divinity that they have ever met with, and a better than the imaged kind they are accustomed to.

But these suggestions border on the humorous and mar the general solemnity of the book.

6. PARENTAL SPHERE

The somewhat humorous, or shall we say melancholy, incongruity between my foregoing suggestions and the actual conditions of the industrial and domestic world is greatly widened if we consider that in the sphere of parenthood, where, supposedly, the love elsewhere lacking is present

as an ample impetus, there is little or no attempt at using it for ends of ethical guidance, and that if the modern lord and lady tried to play parent to those in their charge, they would botch the job almost as badly as they do their actual endeavors. In fact, parenthood, which should be among the noblest of occupations, not to say professions, is at present far and away the poorest, cheapest, shabbiest of them all. Others require for any slightest following some special equipment or preparation; this, simply a chance.

Whence it seems to me excusable in any one to offer the multitude of parents, though from an outside situation, any harmless sort of admonition, and in myself to advise them according to my own queer views.

With two common kinds of parents, with the fathers and mothers, namely, who take their children as an indisputable possession, to be administered during nonage more or less benevolently, but chiefly for parental profit or other satisfaction; and with those who take them mainly as encumbrances, to be kept by any means out of the way; or with the perhaps still commoner combination of both kinds,—it will not be worth our while to deal, for of course these things do not touch us nearly. We are now concerned only with the parents of our own set, those who are bent upon making their offspring good or happy, no matter how much it hurts either party to the undertaking.

Now there are, roughly speaking, three ways of proceeding about this. We shall take them up in the order of their popularity.

The first way, and the one most widely practised, is that of trying to bribe the subject into being "good." Just what the goodness may consist in doesn't for us at all matter: the method is the thing for us to notice. "If Thomas or Mary," the formula recites, "will be a good boy or a good girl while father or mother is out, he or she will get something nice"; if not, something other than nice, we trust. And so through the whole scale of conduct; and Thomas and Mary soon learn to equip all life's imperatives with an "if"; such a thing is to be done if something else is to be gained thereby; nothing as a duty. This is an extremely popular way of moral education, but has been observed to have several disadvantages.

The second method, though less generally, is more vigorously followed than the first, and works in quite another way. It tries to teach the child that he should do this thing or that because the thing is "right," whatever that may mean, and for that cause alone. And by dint of endless ding-ing in his ears the method sometimes has its way: the child is occasionally bullied or befooled into doing "what is right," which seems to mean Mosaic morality, for its own sake; he becomes truly "righteous," perhaps a prig and probably a bore. Or as often, if not far oftener, he puts the pre-

cepts privately away — for rare personal, but more frequent public reference; becomes a highly successful financier or most respectable business man; and in leisure hours an excellent lay preacher of the same morality. And sometimes the youth throws all this wisdom of the elders wildly to the winds, will not be driven whither he is not drawn, and becomes instead of any notable thing a “good-fellow” or a good-for-nothing, possibly most likable of the lot. But not very valuable, though, so far as I can see.

And thirdly, there is that possible class of parent,—perhaps somewhere existent, though in place unknown to me, but certain some time visibly to be,—who have for several reasons rejected the scheme of bought behavior and all other varieties of venal morality, and also put by as a false and feeble makeshift the pedantico-priggish brands of abstract righteousness, and come — perhaps unconsciously, and without preliminary dumping of past schemes — to depend upon the power of the simplest, purest personal relations, the interplay of generosity and gratitude, which are the strongest living forces of all finer conduct whatsoever.

These properly illuminated parents will therefore try above all things, by the free giving of theirs and of themselves to bring their child into the bonds of grateful love; to make themselves for the time being the fountain-head of all his joys and the master-light of all his doing. And if the child of this extraordinary pair be only not too

far under the ordinary, he will answer with full heart this offering of affection, and find therein addition to his joy.

And if, or rather when, offences come, for come they must, is there not now at hand the strength of a Parental Opinion stronger far than any public kind, to chasten and subdue?

Thus in the beginning. Thereafter the child's larger activities will for some time follow his elders' guidance. If toward the everlasting hopes, he has been prepared by experience of the godlike in his father and mother to hope the best; and if immediately toward humankind, he may dispense with heavenly possibilities and pattern himself after parental example.

But I perceive that this to some will seem quite blasphemous, and to others no less ludicrous, and in any case had better be concluded.

7. SCHOOLING

Since the state must take upon itself to play the remainder of the rôle of parent for those whose parenthood is satisfied with producing and provisioning its offspring or hopelessly perplexed in its further efforts, let us see how the state through its process of schooling can help in the moral education of the child.

Education has been so beautifully and magnificently defined that to compare the ideal of the dictionary with the practice of the schools were

wanton cruelty. We shall simply take things as they are, or rather as they are trying to be, and see if from the moral standpoint they might not be somewhat bettered. Schooling, then, as I take it to be commonly attempted, aims first to fit the scholar for the struggle of life; and in this attempt, all things considered, it does succeed reasonably well. In its second and third undertakings,—to make the child delightful to himself and useful to society, there is considerably more to be desired. With the effort to confer this self-delightfulness we shall not now directly deal; that to develop social usefulness will take enough of our attention.

There is in this attempt, as we have said, much to be desired. For the usefulness resultant from it is, taken on a very high average, almost entirely negative: mainly it amounts to a state of harmlessness, which, though surely something, is not usefulness at all. And then, if our schooling, having got its charges to keep their hands off the public throat and out of the public pocket, tries to supplement this passivity with some activity of general value, it finds itself far nearer failure than success. Naturally, and not so very regretably; for see to what sort of activity it counsels and encourages. Chiefly the cultivation of the "civic virtues," which involves becoming a member of the "body of enlightened public opinion" and voting intelligently. And on what impulses of our hopeful citizens do these moderate

requests depend for a proper responsiveness? Why, unfortunately, either upon plain self-interest or upon two impulses not generally very responsive,—that of gratitude to the state at large or to some imaginary personification of it, for more or less imaginary virtues; and that of generosity to people in general; neither of which impulses is often furnished with sufficient impetus to carry its possessor long or far.

For here, too, as almost everywhere these casual eyes are cast, there is no real devotion,—none expected, none provided for. The nice tame virtues will do quite well, thank you; and for the remainder of your time please to divert yourselves inoffensively. Only, the nice tame virtues don't attract, and the inoffensive diversions don't very greatly delight; and there you have the moral and spiritual aspects of the scholastic situation. It is a situation which reflects the larger world; a state of things where little or no love is, because though finely fitted forth and stuffed with facts and principles, it is so painfully lacking in personalities,—in lovable persons, able to govern and guide through giving and receiving individual devotion.

The diagnosis suggests the remedy, though this is easier prescribed than furnished. At any rate, the hope lies chiefly in our chance of getting teachers fit for this larger teaching, not of facts and principles, but of life itself through love and service; in the chance of finding men whose knowl-

edge of their little subject is the least part of their worth; men who will not make themselves mere empty mouthpieces of school discipline, stupefying or infuriating the child, according to his disposition, by appeal to rules and regulations, which every normal child detests, but will make themselves and their own wills sufficient cause of conduct; who can quicken their pupils into grateful affection and thence into generous emulation, thus by personal relations binding their young charges both to them and to one another.

In short, the ideal teacher is such a one, I judge, as the angels dream of; but one in no respect above the hope of partial realization, and not likely, please note, to demand a salary proportionate to his worth. Only one objection — the startling and perhaps fatal effect that he would have upon his fellow pedagogs.

It is only just to add that such a teacher must at present — struggling with the offspring of those parentages aforesaid, who have been still further developed by the processes of our civilization of divertisement — find his efforts pretty effectually dammed up. Somewhere, however — here and there among the stony generation — he might make his way with welcome; and the fact of this, whether certainty or slight possibility, calls for the attempting.

But as for the higher schooling which should give us such guides of the young and our guides of society in general — good heavens! what is to

be hoped from that? That is in this respect quite the most disappointing educational phenomenon of to-day. Of to-day? — It is indeed in point of time contemporaneous, but in point of character belongs to a period of five centuries since, and might as well for all its social value of the sort that we are seeking have departed with them — anywhere. For, apart from its professional preparation, which necessarily escapes present criticism, what ideal does dominate our higher education? Unless things have changed mightily since my recent experience of the process, it is simply the old Renaissance ideal of knowledge, culture, taste, or whatever we chose to call it — of power, partly for its own sake and partly for the sake of being known to possess it — that still dominates our higher education, rides it like an incubus, and cripples its best possibilities. Not that any of these are not worth, and very well worth, having for their own sake, or even for the second, quite human reason, but that this is in effect the whole ideal, the chief accomplishment, at any rate, of all our cultural education, and that any adequate social ideal, any effort to develop a feeling for social helpfulness through personal relationships, is, to speak conservatively, very largely lacking.

“Nay, but that,” I hear, “is not the business of everybody; is taken care of by appointed persons; does in fact develop out of attendant circumstances and activities.”

Well, as for the first, it only echoes the former condemnation, in that any leader could be satisfied with delegated duties and quite content to stop with their performance; and as for the second, those appointed persons who comment on social matters supply little enough of social spirit, proffering principles instead of persons, and pointing toward impersonalities of practice that must share all previous convictions of futility. Whereas, for the third, what can be expected to grow out of those mere circumstances and activities but a few half-selfish loyalties that fade in the fierce confederate stress of life, or at best do not branch out into a spread of spirit full of shade and comfort for any.

The young eager soul, seeking some fit occupation for its growing strength — so full of the finer possibilities and so open to persuasion — this our higher teachers introduce to great root heaps of fact-for-its-own-sake, whereof they encourage it to swallow much stale sort; or summon it to partake the “fruits of culture”; or present it with the hard, cold pebbles of principle; or perchance advise it to go tumble another about by way of developing character and coming into closer fellowship: but how often do they — metaphors fail me — give or try to give some part of themselves for living purposes — as example and impulse for the larger practices of Life, which after all is one, or should be, both within and without their little sphere?

Alas, ye higher teachers, ye were the best hope left: by slumbrous abdication of the former pastors the future shepherds of the flock were yours to train. And they find you not especially concerned with sheep or sheepcraft, but to mutual admiration sorting chaff, "compiling" sticks and stones, or just tickling noses with pleasant wisps of straw.

8. BIG BROTHER MOVEMENT

All the pleasanter is it, therefore, to observe beside this utter waste or clumsy misuse of human material — more woful than the waste of natural resources much talked of nowadays — the cultivation on however small a scale of a practice at least properly rooted, and promising with due direction richer fruitage and far wider spread. This Big Brother Movement means in brief the effort on the part of properly equipped persons to play big brother, in somewhat more than the usual exemplification of the term, to some child wholly or in part parentless, or spiritually orphaned, with parents an unfortunate fact, whom the law has kindly caught while young and given to the aforesaid fit persons' friendly care.

This, then, is the movement, "founded on belief in any child's natural capacity for goodness," that hopes to spread from its present narrow beginnings in the Juvenile Courts of several large cities to towns, villages, and wherever any object

for it may be found; at the same time to branch out into various preventive as well as curative activities; and therewithal to propagate Big Sister Movements, in all things like itself. Such are its hopes; and such are not, in some degree, past reasonable expectation.

So far, and as far as possible in that direction, good enough. For this present case of helper and helped, please notice, contains a no less splendid set of possibilities than certain actualities of that ancient Companionship which in spirit it may almost duplicate, and does at its best come pretty near to being an ideal ethical situation. It brings into play the generosity of the giver and the gratitude of the taker, and promises out of this interplay to bring forth others — new generousities of the grateful, and new gratitudes — in multiplying “spheres of influence,” that may widen without measure.

But while these beginnings are yet young we shall do well to mark wherein the knowledge we have got with looking into past companionships and at this nigh companionshipless present may profit us in way of warning and of guidance. Of this seeming impertinence on my part there is in truth more need than the prime movers themselves might ever imagine. For they, like many other vigorously practical folk, seem just now to be moving about in circumstances and among possibilities only in part realized, with never a misgiving of their understanding of the situation; and

it thus devolves upon some dreamer-over of old things and weigher of new to attempt with a minimum of impudence to rouse and set them straight in this affair.

In the first place, then, the sponsors of this movement which contains so much of ethical circumstance and possibility in its exercise of generosity and its appeal to gratitude do not seem to recognize the character of the essential circumstances or of the most hopeful possibilities of their enterprise. They have not discovered, namely, that their own generosity and the gratitude of their charges are the two chief facts of the situation, and should be made the leading factors of its further growth; or if they have felt this somewhat in spite of the precautions of the age, are afraid to give their feeling head, and end by curbing it altogether as undesirable and even dangerous.

How otherwise, when the whole practise of these triumphantly independent and impersonalistic times has been to keep persons as far apart as possible, each stretching after or strung up to his pet plaything or principle, and its whole bearing gathered into one horrific frown against their coming together upon any other basis than a mutually armor-plated interest in the said playthings or principles? Thus in the present case of patron and protégé: the former is expected to perform his part from motives, I presume, of social efficiency, or impelled by similar moral imperatives;

and that part is intended to develop in the latter a sense of self-respect, of principle, of civic responsibility, of almost everything but gratitude; to make of him a perfectly respectable independent and properly impersonalized citizen,—that is, something of a prig and considerable of a bore. It is intended, consciously or otherwise, chiefly to protect the already ample number of moral mechanisms self-called Society by the addition thereto of some more, re-made in its own image of respectability.

But meanwhile the human nature of us works, with scant encouragement, more wisely than we know. Do we for a moment fancy, when forced to consider the case, that the most impersonal specimen of patron, sponsor, or prime mover in the matter, howsoever called, can long regard his charge as a mere mite, to be scoured up for final contribution to the social treasury or to the repository of principle, or to his, the sponsor's, private stock of self-respect, and not as a being to be dealt with for his own sake first of all, and only afterward for sake of further usefulness? Will he not in truth, to begin with, and without any thought about the business, have approached his protégé in a spirit of generosity? And the protégé, on his part, if he be of nature fit to bear the superimposition of our modern moral structure of principles — self-respect, thrift, honesty, and suchlike — will be found to have beneath all this the ancient natural foundation of all finer

moral feeling — gratitude. Or will be found, if lacking in this latter, to be susceptible of development in the former only after fashions ill repaying the expenditure of pains. For a reckless or a shiftless person spurred into some degree of helpfulness through the operation of his gratitude is a far finer being than the naturally cautious or ambitious person who grasps any opportunity given, to become a selfishly efficient example of "success in life"; and if also rarer far, is worthy of the farther search and larger recognition.

But, such being the case, it may be well to act accordingly; and better for the giver, instead of disguising his generosity under name of social, civic, or other chilly service and checking the spontaneous gratitude of the taker, to stagnate in little pools of righteous self-regard and trivial virtues,— somewhat better for him, I imagine, to make the most of these far stronger feelings in their original strength.

Let him, therefore, rather show than hide his generosity, and heap it up the more, that he may the more demand its recompense. And let him turn this recompense into the making, not of a smug mechanic or other complacent citizen with full belief in honesty and industry as the best policy, but of a somewhat similarly generous member of the human brotherhood, which such re-makings might in time make something more than a much-canted name.

This, then, is the possibility of our Big Brother

Movement, no less a possibility in many spheres besides that of its present stage,— extensible from Boy Scout bands to seminars in Archæology, and, in fact, wherever help is to be given and received. And this is the fine flower of helpfulness, for which our most magnificent methods of mechanized beneficence are but so much gross soil — just now of largely waste fertility. The beneficences are acceptable, usually as belated dues; but they must not be all. What has he done who has flooded the land out of his superfluity, with a froth of brick beneficences, to compare in point of spiritual magnitude with the accomplishment of him who has quickened one soul, tended it, and made it full of growing? Not in our impersonal philanthropies, our fondness for humanity in the abstract, our devotion to the beautiful ideal of brotherhood, does social salvation lie; but in getting at un-beautiful and objectionable John Brown, and trying what we can make out of him. Love of humanity in the mass is good for poetic purposes; but for practical we will permit a man to damn humanity in the mass as any kind of foolish, knavish lot he pleases, if only he will undertake to wrestle with one or two concrete specimens. We will in such case even forgive him any amount of philanthropy.

Enough now of ancient practices and modern opportunities. Not, of course, that the stock of applicabilities is anywhere nearly exhausted, but

that the reader may be, and because in any case the nearer need is not of further directing generosity, which, once started right, could easily find out its way, but of further developing the spirit of it among men for application to present thronging chances. For the barely possible coming to pass of such a hope we must look to quite another sphere than the rhetorical, and may as well, whatever our expectations therefrom, forthwith be about it.

9. RELIGION AT LENGTH

At length, then, we come to the mention of religion, the ultimate means whereby the number of the generous may hope to be enlarged. By way of this mention I might begin a plea in behalf of the practice of some sort of Companionship by those who have already got themselves one kind or other of active rather than recitative religion; but the foregoing pages may perhaps have served as the body of such a plea, and what is left of it shall be the wind-up of my spokesmanship. For the present I prefer to scan the prospects of religion itself, which must be regarded as the prime mover, the recruiting and guiding or driving energy in much of our higher social planning.

Speaking of these prospects as something quite apart, of course, from probable increase or decrease in the bulk of our religious establishments or in the amount of that good behavior popularly

tagged "true Christianity"—considering them merely as the future of our feeling of relationship to the Spirit of the Universe, it is fair to say that they are promising.

And safe also; for no longer need the speaker fear response of satirical sniff or splenetic snort from the highly intellectual listener, who sometimes from patient curiosity reads things like this. Time was rather recently when most of the highly intellectual stood beside the swirling, bottomless gulf of things as once another body of supposedly bereaved Companions stood beside that dismal mere wherein the light of their lord's presence had gone out, staring upon the depths and expecting never to behold his face again. But that time is no more; and those of the watchers who did not accept the pleasant invitations of the town but stayed awhile trying to fathom the awful wonder of it all have found satisfactory signs of Something moving in the gulf.

But the Something that moves veiled in mystery is a very different thing from the imagined God whom lately we saw go down in the gulf. What it is we know not, but we have learned several things it certainly never is. Theology, our little guess at God, after being intellectual so long is at length becoming intelligent. Men no longer go into their studies, redolent of Aristotle and Aquinas, shut doors, draw shades, and then try to fill in a "nature of God" stuffed out in all good features to infinity. They now look upon the world without

and see all round them sights of woe and various other evidence that this planet is not such a perfect masterpiece as people once supposed — or recited. The world-old problem of the presence of evil in the world presents itself with ever-fresh insistency and refuses to be solved by any of the old solutions. If infinite love working with infinite power, we ask, why infinitesimal evil? And the dodging answers of either crude or transcendental theology do not fool us. Even the very best answer hitherto, the apology for suffering as a refinement of the soul,—if it implies that God could have made us angels to begin with and spared us the preparatory teasing or torturing, is really the worst insult offered him since the publication of *Paradise Lost*.

No; the only ground left for an intelligent religion of the future is the idea of God not as the All-powerful who refuses but as the Striver, the Worker under difficulties, hedged and hindered by the unalterable conditions of the world; of that world not as masterpiece but makeshift, a training-ground and necessary stage in the growth of souls: and of ourselves as parts of a single spiritual continent, portions of the Highest which could not instantaneously be raised to the “angelic” state but must individually undergo the process, howsoever painful, of this life, in order thus to gain the experience which makes us conscious and conservative of ourselves — and one another.

These few planks, then,— rather different from the ancient buttressed and spired certainties, may be found floating about on the abyss of things as our best buoys of hope. “Hope? We’d like a little solid ground of evidence.” Well, that is outside present guidance; * but, pardon me, you really do more greatly need the hope. The day of evidence as the chief factor of religious faith has happily gone forever. When theology was half ugly threat and half insipid promise, then evidence was indeed necessary to drive people into their religion; but with us nowadays unless theology can in itself be beautiful enough to draw men with a minimum of evidence, unless religion can thrive on far other things than fear or greed, both had better die at once. Unless God is a hope beside whose possibility all other hopes are pale, he might better be impossible. To make him thus desirable above all sure desires of earth is a present task for the religiously theological.

And here, at any rate, the problem comes back to those matters of Duty (as embodied in the Companionship) and of moralism (as seen in current practice) which are the main business of this book. For, so far from God’s being generally hoped and desired, he has so long been exploited by society — propped up scarecrow-like for the protection of respectability,— and by an obliging piety as

* Obtainable, however, from such books as Edward Carpenter’s *Art of Creation* or F. C. Schiller’s *Riddles of the Sphinx*, or even by use of the naked mind.

the revengeful despot of righteousness, so much fonder of principles than of persons that he must be "reconciled" to the latter for slighting the former,—that most are glad on merely human grounds, and some on truly ethical, to find his despotic authority faded. But when, deprived of his despotism, God joins an Ethical Society, to appear as patron of *pure* righteousness, the change does not tend toward his greater popularity.

What, in brief, will tend that way? Nothing, certainly, which tries to use religion chiefly as a means of bribing or browbeating people into public measures, and nothing which asks them to answer the far-off appeal of abstract principle. Fatherhood and sonship in their purest sense? Alas, the terms have no pure sense to many, and are spoiled by canting use for not a few. But if not fatherhood and sonship, then at least the old Companionship as type and pattern of the bond. And with God as generous overlord from whom we hold our lease of soul, who would not be his willing thane and fight his battle for the world? Could not such religion be the flower not alone of rich and fertile spirits but of the ordinarily decent soil of average humanity? "The soul which knows that it is loved," says Nietzsche, "but does not itself love, betrays its sediment: its dregs come up." The soul that, feeling itself given such a gift of love, does not respond in an exalted gratitude—we shall pity, and perhaps

in time think it expedient to coerce, but first we might make sure that it has had a chance.

This, then, is the religion, patterned on the old Companionship, which alone, I take it, can wake the corpse of moralism into live devotion. It can even satisfy the fierce immoralist: once more says Nietzsche: "What is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil"—beyond the meddling of society and the bullying of "moral law."

Conscience and the stars astonish you, Professor Kant? Well, having ceased to be in the least astonished by my conscience or even greatly troubled thereby, I can yet find that even as the greatest of all natural laws is that whereby the rushing worlds are kept in calmest poise and the stars help one another in their courses, each furthest sun and star on all the rest relying,—so easily the strongest among spiritual bonds is that whereby the soul that lives in its divinity is drawn to all the other universe of soul and brought into the orbit of a serviceable life.

10. WHAT FOLLOWS

Returning from this little digression to the prolongation of our previous route, I find the latter turning into this,—what may have seemed a by-way becoming the highway and main route henceforth, and the other only a dwindling lane that leads nowhither. For we know what normal hu-

man generosity amounts to, and what may be looked for from the source that is fed only from beneath the stars. And even when any generous devotion does occasionally come thence, its aim will probably be far different from that of the higher born.

For it does indeed make a difference in what terms we interpret ourselves,—whether as soulless accidents, the perishing spawn of a certain minor planet, or as vessels of even the faintest heavenly hope. In the one case some slight duties to be done at the dictation of necessity or good-nature: and for the rest, Paterian or Priapic raptures, spiritual or sportive pastimes, as we list and the native near-god Rumor, or Public Opinion, will allow,—with, perhaps, sporadic generosity trying to lessen the misery and increase the comfort of mankind or keep them more or less amused through various menageries, colleges, museums, and educational parades. In the other case, the hope of a heavenly Companionship and its high consummations to guide us at our best: the fear of being false in such a possible high calling to keep us faithful in our feeblest hope; and while we wait the true interpretation, work more than the comfort-making kind to keep us patient, even happy while we wait.

Yes, it does make a considerable difference if we read the riddle in these latter terms, a two- or threefold difference, in fact. For apart from that most high Companionship they open to us, do not

they almost alone make possible the higher human companionships and services? Mankind as such hardly invite our service: they are rather too generally engaged at throat-grips or in rubbing noses or in less pictorial pursuits to prove intrinsically attractive; and the circumstance of our being all in the same boat, bound none knows whither, does not inevitably draw us into fonder fellowship. No, our religions of humanity have long been starved out, and now stalk about distractedly, a painful spectacle to sympathetic men. Only belief in some more binding tie than our common muddy Amoeba-birth,—only belief in some sublimer, mystic bond of kinship—only the faith or hope of a God-origin and heavenly soulhood can perfect our fellowship, giving it shape and plan. Thus and not otherwise will Brotherhood be easy, when the soul beneath its most unlovely vesture shall seem beautiful and lovable because it is a soul, that came from God and may go back to Him much glorified and greatening evermore. . . . O benevolent reader, without such belief or hope this book had not, for better or for worse, been written; but one, if any, very different—quite probably for worse.

But the evident fact is that this or any other theology, even the minimum of it needful for religion, does not take the crowd, and will not, for ample and persistent reasons, in some centuries take them. And it becomes, therefore, the mission of those who in these times have either faith

or hope to show forth something of their understanding of the higher things to those who can or do have neither faith nor hope, nor understanding of any high thing. They shall be themselves the embodied messages and breathing images of a heavenly generosity, through them made visible, though in miniature, to the blindest among men.

Notable about this business of message-bearing and of image-being is the fact that it demands beings and bearers, actual ambassadors instead of distant senders, mere communicators, and impersonal mouthpieces. It can never be accomplished through the mechanism of any philanthropical foundations, organizations, institutions or restitutions whatsoever. Peace to all these: they have their uses and their praises, and are likely to lack neither soon. But the more that these may do toward making our common life bearable and comfortable, the more is there need of something that shall make it beautiful and joyful in so far as that may be. And that may be not by the accomplishment of mechanism or moralism, but by the compassing of spirit through Companionships of men.



